12653. a 20.

THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

VOL. III.

THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

By the AUTHOR of
LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

THE

HISTORY

OF

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CXXIII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Montreal.

Quebec, April 17.

HOW different, my Rivers, is your laſt letter from all your Emily has ever yet received from you! What have I done to deſerve ſuch ſuſpicions? How unjuſt are your ſex in all their connexions with ours!

Do I not know love? and does this reproach come from the man on whom my heart doats, the man, whom to make happy, I would with tranſport ceaſe to live? can you one moment doubt your Emily's tenderneſs? have not her eyes, her air, her look, her indiſcretion, a thouſand times told you, in ſpite of herſelf, the dear ſecret of her heart, long before ſhe was conſcious of the tenderneſs of yours?

Did I think only of myſelf, I could live with you in a deſart; all places, all ſituations are equally charming to me, with you: without you, the whole world affords nothing which could give a moment's pleaſure to your Emily.

Let me but ſee thoſe eyes in which the tendereſt love is painted, let me but hear that enchanting voice, I am inſenſible to all elſe, I know nothing of what paſſes around me; all that has no relation to you paſſes away like a morning dream, the impreſſion of which is effaced in a moment: my tenderneſs

derneſs for you fills my whole ſoul, and leaves no room for any other idea. Rank, fortune, my native country, my friends, all are nothing in the balance with my Rivers.

For your own ſake, I once more entreat you to return to England: I will follow you; I will ſwear never to marry another; I will ſee you, I will allow you to continue the tender inclination which unites us. Fortune may there be more favorable to our wiſhes than we now hope; may join us without deſtroying the peace of the beſt of parents.

But if you perſiſt, if you will ſacrifice every conſideration to your tenderneſs—My Rivers, I have no will but yours.

LETTER CXXIV.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Lond. Feb. 17.

My dear Bell,

LUCY being deprived of the pleaſure of writing to you, as ſhe intended, by Lady Anne Melville's dining with her, deſires me to make her apologies.

Allow me to ſay ſomething for myſelf, and to ſhare my joy with one who will, I am ſure, ſo very ſincerely ſympathize with me in it.

I could not have believed, my dear Bell, it had been ſo very eaſy a thing to be conſtant: I declare—but don't mention this, leſt I ſhould be laughed at—I have never felt

felt the leaſt inclination for any other woman, ſince I married your lovely friend.

I now ſee a circle of Beauties with the ſame indifference as a bed of ſnowdrops: no charms affect me but hers; the whole creation to me contains no other woman.

I find her every day, every hour, more lovely; there is in my Lucy a mixture of modeſty, delicacy, vivacity, innocence, and bluſhing ſenſibility, which add a thouſand unſpeakable graces to the moſt beautiful perſon the hand of nature ever formed.

There is no deſcribing her enchanting ſmile, the ſmile of unaffected, artleſs tenderneſs. How ſhall I paint to you the ſweet involuntary glow of pleaſure, the kindling fire of her eyes, when I approach; or thoſe thouſand little dear attentions of which love alone knows the value?

I never, my dear girl, knew happineſs till now; my tenderneſs is abſolutely a ſpecies of idolatry; you cannot think what a ſlave this lovely girl has made me.

As a proof of this, the little tyrant inſiſts on my omitting a thouſand civil things I had to ſay to you, and attending her and Lady Anne immediately to the opera; ſhe bids me however tell you, ſhe loves you *paſſing the love of woman*, at leaſt of handſome women, who are not generally celebrated for their candor and good-will to each other.

Adieu, my deareſt Bell!

Yours,

J. TEMPLE.

LETTER CXXV.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Silleri, April 18.

INDEED?

" Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,
" That dear perfidious—"

Abſolutely, my dear Temple, the ſex ought never to forgive Lucy for daring to monopolize ſo very charming a fellow. I had ſome thoughts of a little *badinage* with you myſelf, if I ſhould return ſoon to England; but I now give up the very idea.

One thing I will, however, venture to ſay, that love Lucy as much as you pleaſe,

you will never love her half ſo well as ſhe deſerves; which, let me tell you, is a great deal for one woman, eſpecially, as you well obſerve, one handſome woman, to ſay of another.

I am, however, not quite clear your idea is juſt: *cattiſm*, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, ſeeming more likely to be the vice of thoſe who are conſcious of wanting themſelves the dear power of pleaſing.

Handſome women ought to be, what I profeſs myſelf, who am however only pretty, too vain to be envious; and yet we ſee, I am afraid, too often, ſome little ſparks of this mean paſſion between rival Beauties.

Impartially ſpeaking, I believe the beſt natured women, and the moſt free from envy, are thoſe who, without being very handſome, have that *je ne ſçai quoi*, thoſe nameleſs graces, which pleaſe even without beauty;

beauty; and who therefore, finding more attention paid to them by men than their looking-glaſs tells them they have a right to expect, are for that reaſon in conſtant good humour with themſelves, and of courſe with every body elſe: whereas Beauties, claiming univerſal empire, are at war with all who diſpute their rights; that is, with half the ſex.

I am very good-natured myſelf; but it is, perhaps, becauſe, though a pretty woman, I am more agreeable than handſome, and have an infinity of the *je ne ſçai quoi*.

A propos, my dear Temple,—I am ſo pleaſed with what Monteſquieu ſays on this ſubject, that I find it is not in my nature to reſiſt tranſlating and inſerting it; you cannot then ſay I have ſent you a letter in which there is nothing worth reading.

I beg you will read this to the miſſes, for which you cannot fail of their thanks, and for this reaſon: there are perhaps a dozen women in the world who do not think themſelves handſome, but I will venture to ſay, not one who does not think herſelf agreeable, and that ſhe has this nameleſs charm, this ſo much talked of *I know not what*, which is ſo much better than beauty. But to my Monteſquieu:

" There is ſometimes, both in perſons " and things, an inviſible charm, a natu- " ral grace, which we cannot define, and " which we are therefore obliged to call " the *je ne ſçai quoi*.

" It ſeems to me that this is an effect " principally founded on ſurprize.

" We are touched that a perſon pleaſes " us more than ſhe ſeemed at firſt to have " a right

" a right to do; and we are agreeably
" ſurprized that ſhe ſhould have known
" how to conquer thoſe defects which
" our eyes ſhewed us, but which our
" hearts no longer believe: 'tis for this
" reaſon that women, who are not hand-
" ſome, have often graces or agreeable-
" neſſes; and that beautiful ones very
" ſeldom have.

" For a beautiful perſon does generally
" the very contrary of what we expected;
" ſhe appears to us by degrees leſs ami-
" able, and, after having ſurprized us
" pleaſingly, ſhe ſurprizes us in a con-
" trary manner; but the agreeable im-
" preſſion is old, the diſagreeable one
" new: 'tis alſo ſeldom that Beauties in-
" ſpire violent paſſions, which are almoſt
" always reſerved for thoſe who have
" graces, that is to ſay, agreeableneſſes,
" which we did not expect, and which
" we had no reaſon to expect.

" Magnificent habits have ſeldom grace,
" which the dreſſes of ſhepherdeſſes often
" have.

" We admire the majeſty of the dra-
" peries of Paul Veroneſe; but we are
" touched with the ſimplicity of Raphael,
" and the exactneſs of Corregio.

" Paul Veroneſe promiſes much, and
" pays all he promiſes; Raphael and Cor-
" regio promiſe little, and pay much,
" which pleaſes us more.

" Theſe graces, theſe agreeableneſſes,
" are found oftener in the mind than
" in the countenance: the charms of a
" beautiful countenance are ſeldom hid-
" den, they appear at firſt view; but the
" mind does not ſhew itſelf except by de-
" grees, when it pleaſes, and as much as it
" pleaſes; it can conceal itſelf in order to
" appear, and give that ſpecies of ſur-
" prize to which thoſe graces, of which I
" ſpeak, owe their exiſtence.

" This

" This grace, this agreeableneſs, is leſs " in the countenance than in the manner; " the manner changes every inſtant, and " can therefore every moment give us " the pleaſure of ſurprize: in one word, " a woman can be handſome but in one " way, but ſhe may be agreeable in a " hundred thouſand."

I like this doctrine of Monteſquieu's extremely, becauſe it gives every woman her chance, and becauſe it ranks me above a thouſand handſomer women, in the dear power of inſpiring paſſion.

Cruel creature! why did you give me the idea of flowers? I now envy you your foggy climate: the earth with you is at this moment covered with a thouſand lovely children of the ſpring; with us, it is an univerſal plain of ſnow.

Our beaux are terribly at a loſs for ſimiles: you have lillies of the valley for compariſons; we nothing but what with the

the idea of whiteneſs gives that of coldneſs too.

This is all the quarrel I have with Canada: the ſummer is delicious, the winter pleaſant with all its ſeverities; but alas! the ſmiling ſpring is not here; we paſs from winter to ſummer in an inſtant, and loſe the ſprightly ſeaſon of the Loves.

A letter from the God of my idolatry —I muſt anſwer it inſtantly.

Adieu! Yours, &c.

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXXVI.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

YES, I give permiſſion; you may come this afternoon: there is ſomething amuſing enough in your dear nonſenſe; and, as my father will be at Quebec, I ſhall want amuſement.

It will alſo furniſh a little chat for the miſſes at Quebec: a *tête-à-tête* with a tall Iriſhman is a ſubject which cannot eſcape their ſagacity.

Adieu! Yours,

A. F.

LET-

LETTER CXXVII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, April 20.

AFTER my immenſe letter to your love, my dear, you muſt not expect me to ſay much to your fair ladyſhip.

I am glad to find you manage Temple ſo admirably: the wiſeſt, the wildeſt, the graveſt, and the gayeſt, are equally our ſlaves, when we have proper ideas of petticoat politics.

I intend to compoſe a code of laws for the government of huſbands, and get it tranſlated into all the modern languages; which I apprehend will be of infinite benefit to the world.

Do

Do you know I am a greater fool than I imagined? You may remember I was always extremely fond of ſweet waters. I left them off lately, upon an idea, though a miſtaken one, that Fitzgerald did not like them: I yeſterday heard him ſay the contrary; and, without thinking of it, went mechanically to my dreſſing-room, and put lavender water on my handkerchief.

This is, I am afraid, rather a ſtrong ſymptom of my being abſurd; however, I find it pleaſant to be ſo, and therefore give way to it.

It is divinely warm to-day, though the ſnow is ſtill on the ground; it is melting faſt however, which makes it impoſſible for me to get to Quebec. I ſhall be confined for at leaſt a week, and Emily not with me: I die for amuſement. Fitzgerald ventures ſtill at the hazard of his own neck and his horſe's legs; for the latter of which animals I have ſo much compaſſion,

compaſſion, that I have ordered both to ſtay at home a few days, which days I ſhall devote to ſtudy and contemplation, and little pert chit-chats with papa, who is ten times more fretful at being kept within doors than I am: I intend to win a little fortune of him at piquet before the world breaks in upon our ſolitude. Adieu! I am idle, but always

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To the Earl of ———

Silleri, April 20.

'TIS indeed, my Lord, an advantage for which we cannot be too thankful to the Supreme Being, to be born in a country whoſe religion and laws are ſuch,

ſuch, as would have been the objects of our wiſhes, had we been born in any other.

Our religion, I would be underſtood to mean Chriſtianity in general, carries internal conviction by the excellency of its moral precepts, and its tendency to make mankind happy; and the peculiar mode of it eſtabliſhed in England breathes beyond all others the mild ſpirit of the Goſpel, and that charity which embraces all mankind as brothers.

It is equally free from enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition; its outward form is decent and reſpectful, without affected oſtentation: and what ſhews its excellence above all others, is, that every other church allows it to be the beſt, except itſelf: and it is an eſtabliſhed rule, that he has an undoubted right to the firſt rank of merit, to whom every man allows the ſecond.

As to our government, it would be impertinent to praiſe it; all mankind allow it to be the maſter-piece of human wiſdom.

It has the advantage of every other form, with as little of their inconveniences as the imperfection attendant on all human inventions will admit: it has the monarchic quickneſs of execution and ſtability, the ariſtocratic diffuſive ſtrength and wiſdom of counſel, the democratic freedom and equal diſtribution of property.

When I mention equal diſtribution of property, I would not be underſtood to mean ſuch an equality as never exiſted, nor can exiſt, but in idea; but that general, that comparative equality, which leaves to every man the abſolute and ſafe poſſeſſion of the fruits of his labors; which ſoftens offenſive diſtinctions, and curbs pride, by leaving every order of men in ſome degree dependant on the other;

other; and admits of thoſe gentle and almoſt imperceptible gradations, which the poet ſo well calls,

"Th' according muſic of a well mix'd ſtate."

The prince is here a centre of union; an advantage, the want of which makes a democracy, which is ſo beautiful in theory,—the very worſt of all poſſible governments, except abſolute monarchy, in practice.

I am called upon, my Lord, to go to the citadel, to ſee the going away of the ice; an object ſo new to me, that I cannot reſiſt the curioſity I have to ſee it, though my going thither is attended with infinite difficulty.

Bell inſiſts on accompanying me: I am afraid for her, but ſhe will not be refuſed.

At our return, I will have the honor of writing again to your Lordſhip, by the gentleman who carries this to New York.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LETTER CXXIX.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, April 20, Evening.

WE are returned, my Lord, from having ſeen an object as beautiful and magnificent in itſelf, as pleaſing from the idea it gives of renewing once more our intercourſe with Europe.

Before I ſaw the breaking up of the vaſt body of ice, which forms what is here called *the bridge*, from Quebec to Point Levi, I imagined there could be nothing in it worth attention; that the ice would paſs away, or diſſolve gradually, day after day, as the influence of the ſun, and warmth of the air and earth, increaſed; and that we ſhould ſee the river open, without having obſerved by what degrees it became ſo.

But I found *the great river*, as the ſavages with much propriety call it, maintain its dignity in this inſtance as in all others, and aſſert its ſuperiority over thoſe petty ſtreams, which we honor with the names of rivers in England. Sublimity is the characteriſtic of this weſtern world; the loftineſs of the mountains, the grandeur of the lakes and rivers, the majeſty of the rocks ſhaded with a pictureſque variety of beautiful trees and ſhrubs, and crowned with the nobleſt of the offſpring

of

of the foreſt, which form the banks of the latter, are as much beyond the power of fancy as that of deſcription: a land-ſcape-painter might here expand his imagination, and find ideas which he will ſeek in vain in our comparatively little world.

The object of which I am ſpeaking has all the American magnificence.

The ice before the town, or, to ſpeak in the Canadian ſtyle, *the bridge*, being of a thickneſs not leſs than five feet, a league in length, and more than a mile broad, reſiſts for a long time the rapid tide that attempts to force it from the banks.

We are prepared by many previous circumſtances to expect ſomething extraordinary in this event, if I may ſo call it: every increaſe of heat in the weather for near a month before the ice leaves the banks,

banks; every warm day gives you terror for thoſe you ſee venturing to paſs it in carrioles; yet one froſty night makes it again ſo ſtrong, that even the ladies, and the timid amongſt them, ſtill venture themſelves over in parties of pleaſure; though greatly alarmed at their return, if a few hours of uncommon warmth intervene.

But, during the laſt fortnight, the alarm grows indeed a very ſerious one: the eye can diſtinguiſh, even at a conſiderable diſtance, that the ice is ſoftened and detached from the banks; and you dread every ſtep being death to thoſe who have ſtill the temerity to paſs it, which they will continue always to do till one or more pay their raſhneſs with their lives.

From the time the ice is no longer a bridge on which you ſee crowds driving with ſuch vivacity on buſineſs or pleaſure, every one is looking eagerly for its breaking away, to remove the bar to the conti-

nually wiſhed and expected event, of the arrival of ſhips from that world from whence we have ſeemed ſo long in a manner excluded.

The hour is come; I have been with a crowd of both ſexes, and all ranks, hailing the propitious moment: our ſituation, on the top of Cape Diamond, gave us a proſpect ſome leagues above and below the town; above Cape Diamond the river was open, it was ſo below Point Levi, the rapidity of the current having forced a paſſage for the water under the tranſparent bridge, which for more than a league continued firm.

We ſtood waiting with all the eagerneſs of expectation; the tide came ruſhing with an amazing impetuoſity; the bridge ſeemed to ſhake, yet reſiſted the force of the waters; the tide recoiled, it made a pauſe, it ſtood ſtill, it returned with redoubled fury, the immenſe maſs of ice gave way.

A vaſt

A vaſt plain appeared in motion; it advanced with ſolemn and majeſtic pace: the points of land on the banks of the river for a few moments ſtopped its progreſs; but the immenſe weight of ſo prodigious a body, carried along by a rapid current, bore down all oppoſition with a force irreſiſtible.

There is no deſcribing how beautiful the opening river appears, every moment gaining on the ſight, till, in a time leſs than can poſſibly be imagined, the ice paſſing Point Levi, is hid in one moment by the projecting land, and all is once more a clear plain before you; giving at once the pleaſing, but unconnected, ideas of that direct intercourſe with Europe from which we have been ſo many months excluded, and of the earth's again opening her fertile boſom, to feaſt our eyes and imagination with her various verdant and flowery productions.

I am afraid I have conveyed a very inadequate idea of the ſcene which has juſt paſſed before me; it however ſtruck me ſo ſtrongly, that it was impoſſible for me not to attempt it.

If my painting has the leaſt reſemblance to the original, your Lordſhip will agree with me, that the very viciſſitudes of ſeaſon here partake of the ſublimity which ſo ſtrongly characterizes the country.

The changes of ſeaſon in England, being ſlow and gradual, are but faintly felt; but being here ſudden, inſtant, violent, afford to the mind, with the lively pleaſure ariſing from mere change, the very high additional one of its being accompanied with grandeur. I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

April 22.

CERTAINLY, my dear, you are ſo far right; a nun may be in many reſpects a leſs unhappy being than ſome women who continue in the world; her ſituation is, I allow, paradiſe to that of a married woman of ſenſibility and honor, who diſlikes her huſband.

The cruelty therefore of ſome parents here, who ſacrifice their children to avarice, in forcing or ſeducing them into convents, would appear more ſtriking, if we did not ſee too many in England guilty of the ſame inhumanity, though in a different manner, by marrying them againſt their inclination.

Your letter reminds me of what a French married lady here ſaid to me on this very ſubject: I was exclaiming violently againſt convents; and particularly urging, what I thought unanſwerable, the extreme hardſhip of one circumſtance; that, however unhappy the ſtate was found on trial, there was no retreat; that it was *for life*.

Madame De —— turned quick, "And "is not marriage for life?"

"True, Madam; and, what is worſe, "without a year of probation. I confeſs "the force of your argument."

I have never dared ſince to mention convents before Madame De ——.

Between you and I, Lucy, it is a little unreaſonable that people will come together entirely upon ſordid principles, and then wonder they are not happy: in delicate

licate minds, love is ſeldom the conſequence of marriage.

It is not abſolutely certain that a marriage of which love is the foundation will be happy; but it is infallible, I believe, that no other can be ſo to ſouls capable of tenderneſs.

Half the world, you will pleaſe to obſerve, have no ſouls; at leaſt none but of the vegetable and animal kinds: to this ſpecies of beings, love and ſentiment are entirely unneceſſary; they were made to travel through life in a ſtate of mind neither quite awake nor aſleep; and it is perfectly equal to them in what company they take the journey.

You and I, my dear, are ſomething *awakened*; therefore it is neceſſary we ſhould love where we marry, and for this reaſon: our ſouls, being of the active kind, can never be totally at reſt; therefore, if we were not to love our huſbands,

we ſhould be in dreadful danger of loving ſomebody elſe.

For my part, whatever tall maiden aunts and couſins may ſay of the indecency of a young woman's diſtinguiſhing one man from another, and of love coming after marriage; I think marrying, in that expectation, on ſober prudent principles, a man one diſlikes, the moſt deliberate and ſhameful degree of vice of which the human mind is capable.

I cannot help obſerving here, that the great aim of modern education ſeems to be, to eradicate the beſt impulſes of the human heart, love, friendſhip, compaſſion, benevolence; to deſtroy the ſocial, and encreaſe the ſelfiſh principle. Parents wiſely attempt to root out thoſe affections which ſhould only be directed to proper objects, and which Heaven gave us as the means of happineſs; not conſidering that the ſucceſs of ſuch an attempt is doubtful; and that, if they ſucceed,

ceed, they take from life all its ſweetneſs, and reduce it to a dull unactive round of taſteleſs days, ſcarcely raiſed above vegetation.

If my ideas of things are right, the human mind is naturally virtuous; the buſineſs of education is therefore leſs to give us good impreſſions, which we have from nature, than to guard us againſt bad ones, which are generally acquired.

And ſo ends my ſermon.

Adieu! my dear!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

A letter from your brother; I believe the dear creature is out of his wits: Emily has conſented to marry him, and one would imagine by his joy that nobody was ever married before.

He is going to Lake Champlain, to fix on his ſeat of empire, or rather Emily's; for I ſee ſhe will be the reigning queen, and he only her majeſty's conſort.

I am going to Quebec; two or three dry days have made the roads paſſable for ſummer carriages: Fitzgerald is come to fetch me. Adieu!

Eight o' clock.

I am come back, have ſeen Emily, who is the happieſt woman exiſting; ſhe has heard from your brother, and in ſuch terms—

terms—his letter breathes the very ſoul of tenderneſs. I wiſh they were richer. I don't half reliſh their ſettling in Canada; but, rather than not live together, I believe they would conſent to be ſet aſhore on a deſert iſland. Good night.

LETTER CXXXI.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, April 25.

THE pleaſure the mind finds in travelling, has undoubtedly, my Lord, its ſource in that love of novelty, that delight in acquiring new ideas, which is interwoven in its very frame, which ſhews itſelf on every occaſion from infancy to age, which is the firſt paſſion of the human mind, and the laſt.

There is nothing the mind of man abhors ſo much as a ſtate of reſt: the great ſecret of happineſs is to keep the ſoul in continual action, without thoſe violent exertions, which wear out its powers, and dull its capacity of enjoyment; it ſhould have exerciſe, not labor.

Vice may juſtly be called the fever of the ſoul, inaction its lethargy; paſſion, under the guidance of virtue, its health.

I have the pleaſure to ſee my daughter's coquetry giving place to a tender affection for a very worthy man, who ſeems formed to make her happy: his fortune is eaſy; he is a gentleman, and a man of worth and honor, and, what perhaps inclines me to be more partial to him, of my own profeſſion.

I mention the laſt circumſtance in order to introduce a requeſt, that your Lordſhip would

would have the goodneſs to employ that intereſt for him in the purchaſe of a majority, which you have ſo generouſly offered to me; I am determined, as there is no proſpect of real duty, to quit the army, and retire to that quiet which is ſo pleaſing at my time of life: I am privately in treaty with a gentleman for my company, and propoſe returning to England in the firſt ſhip, to give in my reſignation: in this point, as well as that of ſerving Mr. Fitzgerald, I ſhall without ſcruple call upon your Lordſhip's friendſhip.

I have ſettled every thing with Fitzgerald, but without ſaying a word to Bell; and he is to ſeduce her into matrimony as ſoon as he can, without my appearing at all intereſted in the affair: he is to aſk my conſent in form, though we have already ſettled every preliminary.

All this, as well as my intention of quitting the army, is yet a ſecret to my daughter.

But to the queſtions your Lordſhip does me the honor to aſk me in regard to the Americans, I mean thoſe of our old colonies: they appear to me, from all I have heard and ſeen of them, a rough, ignorant, poſitive, very ſelfiſh, yet hoſpitable people.

Strongly attached to their own opinions, but ſtill more ſo to their intereſts, in regard to which they have inconceivable ſagacity and addreſs; but in all other reſpects I think naturally inferior to the Europeans; as education does ſo much, it is however difficult to aſcertain this.

I am rather of opinion they would not have refuſed ſubmiſſion to the ſtamp act, or diſputed the power of the legiſlature at home,

home, had not their minds been firſt embittered by what touched their intereſts ſo nearly, the reſtraints laid on their trade with the French and Spaniſh ſettlements, a trade by which England was an immenſe gainer; and by which only a few enormouſly rich Weſt India planters were hurt.

Every advantage you give the North Americans in trade centers at laſt in the mother country; they are the bees, who roam abroad for that honey which enriches the paternal hive.

Taxing them immediately after their trade is reſtrained, ſeems like drying up the ſource, and expecting the ſtream to flow.

Yet too much care cannot be taken to ſupport the majeſty of government, and aſſert the dominion of the parent country.

A good

A good mother will conſult the intereſt and happineſs of her children, but will never ſuffer her authority to be diſputed.

An equal mixture of mildneſs and ſpirit cannot fail of bringing theſe miſtaken people, miſled by a few of violent temper and ambitious views, into a juſt ſenſe of their duty.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXXII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

May 5.

I HAVE got my Emily again, to my great joy; I am nobody without her. As the roads are already very good, we walk and ride perpetually, and amuſe ourſelves as well as we can, *en attendant* your brother, who is gone a ſettlement hunting.

The quickneſs of vegetation in this country is aſtoniſhing; though the hills are ſtill covered with ſnow, and though it even continues in ſpots in the vallies, the latter, with the trees and ſhrubs in the woods, are already in beautiful verdure; and the earth every where putting forth flowers in a wild and lovely variety and profuſion.

'Tis

'Tis amazingly pleaſing to ſee the ſtrawberries and wild panſies peeping their little fooliſh heads from beneath the ſnow.

Emily and I are prodigiouſly fond after having been ſeparated; it is a divine relief to us both, to have again the delight of talking of our lovers to each other: we have been a month divided; and neither of us have had the conſolation of a friend to be fooliſh to.

Fitzgerald dines with us: he comes.

Adieu! yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, May 5.

My Lord,

I HAVE been converſing, if the expreſſion is not improper when I have not had an opportunity of ſpeaking a ſyllable, more than two hours with a French officer, who has declaimed the whole time with the moſt aſtoniſhing volubility, without uttering one word which could either entertain or inſtruct his hearers: and even without ſtarting any thing that deſerved the name of a thought.

People who have no ideas out of the common road are, I believe, generally the greateſt talkers, becauſe all their thoughts are low enough for common converſation; whereas

whereas thoſe of more elevated underſtandings have ideas which they cannot eaſily communicate, except to perſons of equal capacity with themſelves.

This might be brought as an argument of the inferiority of women's underſtanding to ours, as they are generally greater talkers, if we did not conſider the limited and trifling educations we give them; men, amongſt other advantages, have that of acquiring a greater variety as well as ſublimity of ideas.

Women who have converſed much with men are undoubtedly in general the moſt pleaſing companions; but this only ſhews of what they are capable when properly educated, ſince they improve ſo greatly by that accidental and limited opportunity of acquiring knowledge.

Indeed the two ſexes are equal gainers by converſing with each other: there is a mutual

mutual deſire of pleaſing, in a mixed converſation, reſtrained by politeneſs, which ſets every amiable quality in a ſtronger light.

Bred in ignorance from one age to another, women can learn little of their own ſex.

I have often thought this the reaſon why officers daughters are in general more agreeable than other women in an equal rank of life.

I am almoſt tempted to bring Bell as an inſtance; but I know the blindneſs and partiality of nature, and therefore check what paternal tenderneſs would dictate.

I am ſhocked at what your Lordſhip tells me of Miſs H——. I know her imprudent, I believe her virtuous: a great flow of ſpirits has been ever hurrying her

into indiſcretions; but allow me to ſay, my Lord, it is particularly hard to fix the character by our conduct, at a time of life when we are not competent judges of our own actions; and when the hurry and vivacity of youth carries us to commit a thouſand follies and indiſcretions, for which we bluſh when the empire of reaſon begins.

Inexperience and openneſs of temper betray us in early life into improper connexions; and the very conſtancy, and nobleneſs of nature, which characterize the beſt hearts, continue the deluſion.

I know Miſs H—— perfectly; and am convinced, if her father will treat her as a friend, and with the indulgent tenderneſs of affection endeavor to wean her from a choice ſo very unworthy of her, he will infallibly ſucceed; but if he treats her with harſhneſs, ſhe is loſt for ever.

He is too ſtern in his behaviour, too rigid in his morals: it is the intereſt of virtue to be repreſented as ſhe is, lovely, ſmiling, and ever walking hand in hand with pleaſure: we were formed to be happy, and to contribute to the happineſs of our fellow-creatures; there are no real virtues but the ſocial ones.

'Tis the enemy of human kind who has thrown around us the gloom of ſuperſtition, and taught that auſterity and voluntary miſery is virtue.

If moraliſts would indeed improve human nature, they ſhould endeavor to expand, not to contract the heart; they ſhould build their ſyſtem on the paſſions and affections, the only foundations of the nobler virtues.

From the partial repreſentations of narrow-minded bigots, who paint the Deity from their own gloomy conceptions, the young are too often frighted from the paths

paths of virtue; deſpairing of ideal perfections, they give up all virtue as unattainable, and ſtart aſide from the road which they falſely ſuppoſe ſtrewed with thorns.

I have ſtudied the heart with ſome attention; and am convinced every parent, who will take the pains to gain his childrens friendſhip, will for ever be the guide and arbiter of their conduct: I ſpeak from a happy experience.

Notwithſtanding all my daughter ſays in gaiety of heart, ſhe would ſooner even relinquiſh the man ſhe loves, than offend a father in whom ſhe has always found the tendereſt and moſt faithful of friends. I am interrupted, and have only time to ſay, I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, May 13.

MADAME Des Roches has juſt left us; ſhe returns to-day to the Kamaraſkas: ſhe came to take leave of us, and ſhewed a concern at parting from Emily, which really affected me. She is a moſt amiable woman; yet I think my ſweet friend is not ſorry for her return: ſhe loves her, but yet cannot abſolutely forget ſhe has been her rival, and is as well ſatisfied that ſhe leaves Quebec before your brother's arrival.

The weather is lovely; the earth is in all its verdure, the trees in foliage, and no ſnow but on the ſides of the mountains; we are looking eagerly out for ſhips from dear England: I expect by

them volumes of letters from my Lucy. We expect your brother in a week: in ſhort, we are all hope and expectation; our hearts beat at every rap of the door, ſuppoſing it brings intelligence of a ſhip, or of the dear man.

Fitzgerald takes ſuch amazing pains to pleaſe me, that I begin to think it is pity ſo much attention ſhould be thrown away; and am half inclined, from mere compaſſion, to follow the example you have ſo heroically ſet me.

Abſolutely, Lucy, it requires amazing reſolution to marry.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXXV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Montreal.

Silleri, May 14.

I AM returned, my Rivers, to my ſweet friend, and have again the dear delight of talking of you without reſtraint; ſhe bears with, ſhe indulges me in, all my weakneſs; if that name ought to be given to a tenderneſs of which the object is the moſt exalted and worthy of his ſex.

It was impoſſible I ſhould not have loved you; the ſoul that ſpoke in thoſe eloquent eyes told me, the firſt moment we met, our hearts were formed for each other; I ſaw in that amiable countenance a ſenſibility ſimilar to my own, but which I had till then ſought in vain; I ſaw there thoſe benevolent ſmiles, which

are the marks, and the emanations of virtue; thoſe thouſand graces which ever accompany a mind conſcious of its own dignity, and ſatisfied with itſelf; in ſhort, that mental beauty which is the expreſs image of the Deity.

What defence had I againſt you, my Rivers, ſince your merit was ſuch that my reaſon approved the weakneſs of my heart?

We have loſt Madame Des Roches; we were both in tears at parting; we embraced, I preſſed her to my boſom: I love her, my dear Rivers; I have an affection for her which I ſcarce know how to deſcribe. I ſaw her every day, I found infinite pleaſure in being with her; ſhe talked of you, ſhe praiſed you, and my heart was ſoothed; I however found it impoſſible to mention your name to her; a reſerve for which I cannot account; I found pleaſure in looking at her from the idea that ſhe

was

was dear to you, that ſhe felt for you the tendereſt friendſhip: do you know I think ſhe has ſome reſemblance of you? there is ſomething in her ſmile, which gives me an idea of you.

Shall I, however, own all my folly? I never found this pleaſure in ſeeing her when you were preſent: on the contrary, your attention to her gave me pain: I was jealous of every look; I even ſaw her amiable qualities with a degree of envy, which checked the pleaſure I ſhould otherwiſe have found in her converſation.

There is always, I fear, ſome injuſtice mixed with love, at leaſt with love ſo ardent and tender as mine.

You, my Rivers, will however pardon that injuſtice which is a proof of my exceſs of tenderneſs.

Madame Des Roches has promiſed to write to me: indeed I will love her; I will

conquer this little remain of jealouſy, and do juſtice to the moſt gentle and amiable of women.

Why ſhould I diſlike her for ſeeing you with my eyes, for having a ſoul whoſe feelings reſemble my own?

I have obſerved her voice is ſoftened, and trembles like mine, when ſhe names you.

My Rivers, you were formed to charm the heart of woman; there is more pleaſure in loving you, even without the hope of a return, than in the adoration of all your ſex: I pity every woman who is ſo inſenſible as to ſee you without tenderneſs. This is the only fault I ever found in Bell Fermor: ſhe has the moſt lively friendſhip for you, but ſhe has ſeen you without love. Of what materials muſt her heart be compoſed?

No

No other man can inſpire the ſame ſentiments with my Rivers; no other man can deſerve them: the delight of loving you appears to me ſo ſuperior to all other pleaſures, that, of all human beings, if I was not Emily Montague, I would be Madame Des Roches.

I bluſh for what I have written; yet why bluſh for having a ſoul to diſtinguiſh perfection, or why conceal the real feelings of my heart?

I will never hide a thought from you; you ſhall be at once the confidante and the dear object of my tenderneſs.

In what words—my Rivers, you rule every emotion of my heart; diſpoſe as you pleaſe of your Emily: yet, if you allow her to form a wiſh in oppoſition to yours, indulge her in the tranſport of returning you to your friends: let her receive you from the hands of a mother, whoſe happineſs you ought to prefer even to hers.

Why will you talk of the mediocrity of your fortune? have you not enough for every real want? much leſs, with you, would make your Emily bleſt: what have the trappings of life to do with happineſs? 'tis only ſacrificing pride to love and filial tenderneſs; the worſt of human paſſions to the beſt.

I have a thouſand things to ſay, but am forced to ſteal this moment to write to you: we have ſome French ladies here, who are eternally coming to my apartment.

They are at the door. Adieu!

Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVI.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, May 12.

IT were indeed, my Lord, to be wiſhed that we had here ſchools, at the expence of the public, to teach Engliſh to the riſing generation: nothing is a ſtronger tie of brotherhood and affection, a greater cement of union, than ſpeaking one common language.

The want of attention to this circumſtance has, I am told, had the worſt effects poſſible in the province of New York, where the people, eſpecially at a diſtance from the capital, continuing to ſpeak Dutch, retain their affection for their ancient maſters, and ſtill look on their

Engliſh fellow ſubjects as ſtrangers and intruders.

The Canadians are the more eaſily to be won to this, or whatever elſe their own, or the general good requires, as their nobleſſe have the ſtrongeſt attachment to a court, and that favor is the great object of their ambition: were Engliſh made by degrees the court language, it would ſoon be univerſally ſpoke.

Of the three great ſprings of the human heart, intereſt, pleaſure, vanity, the laſt appears to me much the ſtrongeſt in the Canadians; and I am convinced the moſt forcible tie their nobleſſe have to France, is their unwillingneſs to part with their croix de St. Louis: might not therefore ſome order of the ſame kind be inſtituted for Canada, and given to all who have the croix, on their ſending back the enſigns they now wear, which are inconſiſtent with their allegiance as Britiſh ſubjects?

Might

Might not ſuch an order be contrived, to be given at the diſcretion of the governor, as well to the Canadian gentlemen who merited moſt of the government, as to the Engliſh officers of a certain rank, and ſuch other Engliſh as purchaſed eſtates, and ſettled in the country? and, to give it additional luſtre, the governor, for the time being, be always head of the order?

'Tis poſſible ſomething of the ſame kind all over America might be alſo of ſervice; the paſſions of mankind are nearly the ſame every where: at leaſt I never yet ſaw the ſoil or climate, where vanity did not grow; and, till all mankind become philoſophers, it is by their paſſions they muſt be governed.

The common people, by whom I mean the peaſantry, have been great gainers here by the change of maſters; their property is more ſecure, their

independence greater, their profits much more than doubled: it is not them therefore whom it is neceſſary to gain.

The nobleſſe, on the contrary, have been in a great degree undone: they have loſt their employs, their rank, their conſideration, and many of them their fortunes.

It is therefore equally conſonant to good policy and to humanity that they ſhould be conſidered, and in the way moſt acceptable to them; the rich conciliated by little honorary diſtinctions, thoſe who are otherwiſe by ſharing in all lucrative employs; and all of them by bearing a part in the legiſlature of their country.

The great objects here ſeem to be, to heal thoſe wounds, which paſt unhappy diſputes have left ſtill in ſome degree open; to unite the French and Engliſh, the civil and military, in one firm body; to

to raiſe a revenue, to encourage agriculture, and eſpecially the growth of hemp and flax; and find a ſtaple, for the improvement of a commerce, which at preſent labors under a thouſand diſadvantages.

But I ſhall ſay little on this or any political ſubject relating to Canada, for a reaſon which, whilſt I am in this colony, it would look like flattery to give: let it ſuffice to ſay; that, humanly ſpeaking, it is impoſſible that the inhabitants of this province ſhould be otherwiſe than happy.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 20.

I CONFESS the fact, my dear; I am, thanks to papa, amazingly learned, and all that, for a young lady of twenty-two: yet you will allow I am not the worſe; no creature breathing would ever find it out: envy itſelf muſt confeſs, I talk of lace and blond like another chriſtian woman.

I have been thinking, Lucy, as indeed my ideas are generally a little pindaric, how entertaining and improving would be the hiſtory of the human heart, if people ſpoke all the truth, and painted themſelves as they really are; that is to ſay, if all the world were as ſincere and honeſt

honeſt as I am; for, upon my word, I have ſuch a contempt for hypocriſy, that, upon the whole, I have always appeared to have fewer good qualities than I really have.

I am afraid we ſhould find in the beſt characters, if we withdrew the veil, a mixture of errors and inconſiſtencies, which would greatly leſſen our veneration.

Papa has been reading me a wiſe lecture, this morning, on playing the fool: I reminded him, that I was now arrived at years of *indiſcretion*; that every body muſt have their day; and that thoſe who did not play the fool young, ran a hazard of doing it when it would not half ſo well become them.

A propos to playing the fool, I am ſtrongly inclined to believe I ſhall marry.

Fitzgerald

Fitzgerald is ſo aſtoniſhingly preſſing—Beſides, ſomehow or other, I don't feel happy without him: the creature has ſomething of a magnetic virtue; I find myſelf generally, without knowing it, on the ſame ſide the room with him, and often in the next chair; and lay a thouſand little ſchemes to be of the ſame party at cards.

I write pretty ſentiments in my pocket-book, and carve his name on trees when nobody ſees me: did you think it poſſible I could be ſuch an idiot?

I am as abſurd as even the gentle love-ſick Emily.

I am thinking, my dear, how happy it is, ſince moſt human beings differ ſo extremely one from another, that Heaven has given us the ſame variety in our taſtes.

Your brother is a divine fellow, and yet there is a ſaucineſs about Fitzgerald which pleaſes

pleaſes me better; as he has told me a thouſand times, he thinks me infinitely more agreeable than Emily.

Adieu! I am going to Quebec.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

May 20, Evening.

IO triumphe! A ſhip from England! You can have no idea of the univerſal tranſport at the ſight; the whole town was on the beach, eagerly gazing at the charming ſtranger, who danced gaily on the waves, as if conſcious of the pleaſure ſhe inſpired.

If

If our joy is ſo great, who preſerve a correſpondence with Europe, through our other colonies, during the winter, what muſt that of the French have been, who were abſolutely ſhut up ſix months from the reſt of the world?

I can ſcarce conceive a higher delight than they muſt have felt at being thus reſtored to a communication with mankind.

The letters are not delivered; our ſervant ſtays for them at the poſt-office; we expect him every moment: if I have not volumes from you, I ſhall be very angry.

He comes. Adieu! I have not patience to wait their being brought up ſtairs.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

They

They are here; ſix letters from you; I ſhall give three of them to Emily to read, whilſt I read the reſt: you are very good, Lucy, and I will never call you lazy again.

LETTER CXXXIX.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Pall Mall, April 8.

WHILST I was ſealing my letter, I received yours of the 1ſt of February.

I am exceſſively alarmed, my dear, at the account it gives me of Miſs Montague's having broke with her lover, and of my brother's extreme affection for her.

I did

I did not dare to let my mother ſee that letter, as I am convinced the very idea of a marriage, which muſt for ever ſeparate her from a ſon ſhe loves to idolatry, would be fatal to her; ſhe is altered ſince his leaving England more than you can imagine; ſhe is grown pale and thin, her vivacity has entirely left her. Even my marriage ſcarce ſeemed to give her pleaſure; yet ſuch is her delicacy, her ardor for his happineſs, ſhe will not ſuffer me to ſay this to him, leſt it ſhould conſtrain him, and prevent his making himſelf happy in his own way. I often find her in tears in her apartment: ſhe affects a ſmile when ſhe ſees me, but it is a ſmile which cannot deceive one who knows her whole ſoul as I do. In ſhort, I am convinced ſhe will not live long unleſs my brother returns. She never names him without being ſoftened to a degree not to be expreſſed.

Amiable and lovely as you repreſent this charming woman, and great as the ſacrifice is ſhe has made to my brother, it ſeems almoſt cruelty to wiſh to break his attachment to her; yet, ſituated as they are, what can be the conſequence of their indulging their tenderneſs at preſent, but ruin to both?

At all events, however, my dear, I intreat, I conjure you to preſs my brother's immediate return to England; I am convinced, my mother's life depends on ſeeing him.

I have often been tempted to write to Miſs Montague, to uſe her influence with him even againſt herſelf.

If ſhe loves him, ſhe will have his true happineſs at heart; ſhe will conſider what a mind like his muſt hereafter ſuffer, ſhould his fondneſs for her be fatal to the beſt

beſt of mothers; ſhe will urge, ſhe will oblige him to return, and make this ſtep the condition of preſerving her tenderneſs.

Read this letter to her; and tell her, it is to her affection for my brother, to her generoſity, I truſt for the life of a parent who is dearer to me than my exiſtence.

Tell her my heart is hers, that I will receive her as my guardian angel, that we will never part, that we will be friends, that we will be ſiſters, that I will omit nothing poſſible to make her happy with my brother in England, and that I have very rational hopes it may be in time accompliſhed; but that, if ſhe marries him in Canada, and ſuffers him to purſue his preſent deſign, ſhe plants a dagger in the boſom of her who gave him life.

I ſcarce know what I would ſay, my dear Bell; but I am wretched; I have no hope but in you. Yet if Emily is all you repreſent her—

I am obliged to break off: my mother is here, ſhe muſt not ſee this letter.

Adieu! Your affectionate

LUCY TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER CXL.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 21.

YOUR letter of the 8th of April, my dear, was firſt read by Emily, being one of the three I gave her for that purpoſe, as I before mentioned.

She went through it, and melting into tears, left the room without ſpeaking a word: ſhe has been writing this morning, and I fancy to you, for ſhe enquired when the mail ſet out for England, and ſeemed pleaſed to hear it went to-day.

I am exceſſively ſhocked at your account of Mrs. Rivers: aſſure her, in my name, of your brother's immediate return; I know both him and Emily too well to believe they

they will ſacrifice her to their own happineſs: there is nothing, on the contrary, they will not ſuffer rather than even afflict her.

Do not, however, encourage an idea of ever breaking an attachment like theirs; an attachment founded leſs in paſſion than in the tendereſt friendſhip, in a ſimilarity of character, and a ſympathy the moſt perfect the world ever ſaw.

Let it be your buſineſs, my Lucy, to endeavor to make them happy, and to remove the bars which prevent their union in England; and depend on ſeeing them there the very moment their coming is poſſible.

From what I know of your brother, I ſuppoſe he will inſiſt on marrying Emily before he leaves Quebec; but, after your letter, which I ſhall ſend him, you may look on his return as infallible.

I ſend all yours and Temple's letters for your brother to-day: you may expect to hear from him by the ſame mail with this,

I have only to ſay, I am,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXLI.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, April 8.

MY own happineſs, my dear Rivers, in a marriage of love, makes me extremely unwilling to prevent your giving way to a tenderneſs, which promiſes you the ſame felicity, with ſo amiable a woman

woman as both you and Bell Fermor repreſent Miſs Montague to be.

But, my dear Ned, I cannot, without betraying your friendſhip, and hazarding all the quiet of your future days, diſpenſe with myſelf from telling you, though I have her expreſs commands to the contrary, that the peace, perhaps the life, of your excellent mother, depends on your giving up all thoughts of a ſettlement in America, and returning immediately to England.

I know the preſent ſtate of your affairs will not allow you to marry this charming woman here, without deſcending from the ſituation you have ever held, and which you have a right from your birth to hold, in the world.

Would you allow me to gratify my friendſhip for you, and ſhew, at the ſame time, your perfect eſteem for me, by commanding, what our long affection gives

you a right to, ſuch a part of my fortune as I could eaſily ſpare without the leaſt inconvenience to myſelf, we might all be happy, and you might make your Emily ſo: but you have already convinced me, by your refuſal of a former requeſt of this kind, that your eſteem for me is much leſs warm than mine for you; and that you do not think I merit the delight of making you happy.

I will therefore ſay no more on this ſubject till we meet, than that I have no doubt this letter will bring you immediately to us.

If the tenderneſs you expreſs for Miſs Montague is yet conquerable, it will ſurely be better for both it ſhould be conquered, as fortune has been ſo much leſs kind to each of you than nature; but if your hearts are immoveably fixed on each other, if your love is of the kind which deſpiſes every other conſideration, return to the boſom of friendſhip, and depend on

on our finding ſome way to make you happy.

If you perſiſt in refuſing to ſhare my fortune, you can have no objection to my uſing all my intereſt, for a friend and brother ſo deſervedly dear to me, and in whoſe happineſs I ſhall ever find my own.

Allow me now to ſpeak of myſelf; I mean of my dearer ſelf, your amiable ſiſter, for whom my tenderneſs, inſtead of decreaſing, grows every moment ſtronger.

Yes, my friend, my ſweet Lucy is every hour more an angel: her deſire of being beloved, renders her a thouſand times more lovely; a countenance animated by true tenderneſs will always charm beyond all the dead uninformed features the hand of nature ever framed; love embelliſhes the whole form, gives ſpirit and ſoftneſs to the eyes, the moſt vivid bloom to the complexion, dignity to the air,

grace to every motion, and throws round beauty almoſt the rays of divinity.

In one word, my Lucy was always more lovely than any other woman; ſhe is now more lovely than even her former ſelf.

You, my Rivers, will forgive the overflowings of my fondneſs, becauſe you know the merit of its object.

Adieu! We die to embrace you!

Your faithful

J. TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER CXLII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 21.

YOUR letter, Madam, to Miſs Fermor, which, by an accident, was firſt read by me, has removed the veil which love had placed before mine eyes, and ſhewed me, in one moment, the folly of all thoſe dear hopes I had indulged.

You do me but juſtice in believing me incapable of ſuffering your brother to ſacrifice the peace, much leſs the life, of an amiable mother, to my happineſs: I have no doubt of his returning to England the moment he receives your letters; but, knowing his tenderneſs, I will not expoſe him to a ſtruggle on this occaſion: I will

myſelf unknown to him, as he is fortunately abſent, embark in a ſhip which has wintered here, and will leave Quebec in ten days.

Your invitation is very obliging; but a moment's reflection will convince you of the extreme impropriety of my accepting it.

Aſſure Mrs. Rivers, that her ſon will not loſe a moment, that he will probably be with her as ſoon as this letter; aſſure her alſo, that the woman who has kept him from her, can never forgive herſelf for what ſhe ſuffers.

I am too much afflicted to ſay more than that

I am, Madam,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER CXLIII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, May 20.

IT is with a pleaſure no words can expreſs I tell my ſweet Emily, I have fixed on a ſituation which promiſes every advantage we can wiſh as to profit, and which has every beauty that nature can give.

The land is rich, and the wood will more than pay the expence of clearing it; there is a ſettlement within a few leagues, on which there is an extreme agreeable family: a number of Acadians have applied to me to be received as ſettlers: in ſhort, my dear angel, all ſeems to ſmile on our deſign.

I have ſpent ſome days at the houſe of a German officer, lately in our ſervice, who is engaged in the ſame deſign, but a little advanced in it. I have ſeen him increaſing every hour his little domain, by clearing the lands; he has built a pretty houſe in a beautiful ruſtic ſtyle: I have ſeen his pleaſing labors with inconceivable delight. I already fancy my own ſettlement advancing in beauty: I paint to myſelf my Emily adorning thoſe lovely ſhades; I ſee her, like the mother of mankind, admiring a new creation which ſmiles around her: we appear, to my idea, like the firſt pair in paradiſe.

I hope to be with you the 1ſt of June: will you allow me to ſet down the 2d as the day which is to aſſure to me a life of happineſs?

My

My Acadians, your new ſubjects, are waiting in the next room to ſpeak with me.

All good angels guard my Emily!

Adieu! Your

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXLIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 24.

EMILY has wrote to you, and appears more compoſed; ſhe does not however tell me what ſhe has reſolved; ſhe has only mentioned a deſign of ſpending a week at Quebec. I ſuppoſe ſhe will take no reſolution till your brother

comes down: he cannot be here in leſs than ten days.

She has heard from him, and he has fixed on a ſettlement: depend, however, on his return to England, even if it is not to ſtay. I wiſh he could prevail on Mrs. Rivers to accompany him back. The advantages of his deſign are too great to loſe: the voyage is nothing; the climate healthy beyond all conception.

I fancy he will marry as ſoon as he comes down from Montreal, ſet off in the firſt ſhip for England, leave Emily with me, and return to us next year: at leaſt, this is the plan my heart has formed.

I wiſh Mrs. Rivers had borne his abſence better; her impatience to ſee him has broken in on all our ſchemes; Emily and I had in fancy formed a little Eden on Lake Champlain: Fitz-

gerald had promiſed me to apply for lands near them; we ſhould have been ſo happy in our little new world of friendſhip.

There is nothing certain in this vile ſtate of exiſtence: I could philoſophize extremely well this morning.

All our little plans of amuſement too for this ſummer are now at an end; your brother was the ſoul of all our parties. This is a trifle, but my mind to-day ſeeks for every ſubject of chagrin.

Let but my Emily be happy, and I will not complain, even if I loſe her: I have a thouſand fears, a thouſand uneaſy reflections: if you knew her merit, you would not wiſh to break the attachment.

My ſweet Emily is going this morning to Quebec; I have promiſed to accompany her, and ſhe now waits for me.

I can-

I cannot write: I have a heavineſs about my heart, which has never left me ſince I read your letter. 'Tis the only diſagreeable one I ever received from my dear Lucy: I am not ſure I love you ſo well as before I ſaw this letter. There is ſomething unfeeling in the ſtyle of it, which I did not expect from you.

Adieu! Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXLV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 25.

I AM unhappy beyond all words; my ſweet Emily is gone to England; the ſhip ſailed this morning: I am juſt returned

turned from the beach, after conducting her on board.

I uſed every art, every perſuaſion, in the power of friendſhip, to prevent her going till your brother came down; but all I ſaid was in vain. She told me, "ſhe knew too well her own weakneſs to hazard ſeeing him; that ſhe alſo knew his tenderneſs, and was reſolved to ſpare him the ſtruggle between his affection and his duty; that ſhe was determined never to marry him but with the conſent of his mother; that their meeting at Quebec, ſituated as they were, could only be the ſource of unhappineſs to both; that her heart doated on him, but that ſhe would never be the cauſe of his acting in a manner unworthy his character: that ſhe would ſee his family the moment ſhe got to London, and then retire to the houſe of a relation in Berkſhire, where ſhe would wait for his arrival.

That

That ſhe had given you her promiſe, which nothing ſhould make her break, to embark in the firſt ſhip for England."

She expreſſed no fears for herſelf as to the voyage, but trembled at the idea of her Rivers's danger.

She ſat down ſeveral times yeſterday to write to him, but her tears prevented her; ſhe at laſt aſſumed courage enough to tell him her deſign; but it was in ſuch terms as convinced me ſhe could not have purſued it, had he been here.

She went to the ſhip with an appearance of calmneſs that aſtoniſhed me; but the moment ſhe entered, all her reſolution forſook her: ſhe retired with me to her room, where ſhe gave way to all the agony of her ſoul.

The word was given to ſail; I was ſummoned away; ſhe roſe haſtily, ſhe preſſed me to her boſom, "Tell him," ſaid ſhe, "his Emily"—ſhe could ſay no more.

Never in my life did I feel any ſorrow equal to this ſeparation. Love her, my Lucy; you can never have half the tenderneſs for her ſhe merits.

She ſtood on the deck till the ſhip turned Point Levi, her eyes fixed paſſionately on our boat.

Twelve o' clock.

I have this moment a letter from your brother to Emily, which ſhe directed me to open, and ſend to her; I incloſe it to you, as the ſafeſt way of conveyance: there is one in it from Temple to him, on the ſame ſubject with yours to me.

Adieu!

Adieu! I will write again when my mind is more compoſed.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXLVI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, May 28.

IT was my wiſh, my hope, my nobleſt ambition, my dear Emily, to ſee you in a ſituation worthy of you; my ſanguine temper flattered me with the idea of ſeeing this wiſh accompliſhed in Canada, though fortune denied it me in England.

The

The letter which I incloſe has put an end to thoſe fond deluſive hopes: I muſt return immediately to England; did not my own heart dictate this ſtep, I know too well the goodneſs of yours, to expect the continuance of your eſteem, were I capable of purchaſing happineſs, even the happineſs of calling you mine, at the expence of my mother's life, or even of her quiet.

I muſt now ſubmit to ſee my Emily in an humbler ſituation; to ſee her want thoſe pleaſures, thoſe advantages, thoſe honors, which fortune gives, and which ſhe has ſo nobly ſacrificed to true delicacy of mind, and, if I do not flatter myſelf, to her generous and diſintereſted affection for me.

Be aſſured, my deareſt angel, the inconveniencies attendant on a narrow fortune, the only one I have to offer, ſhall be

be ſoftened by all which the moſt lively eſteem, the moſt perfect friendſhip, the tendereſt love, can inſpire; by that attention, that unwearied ſolicitude to pleaſe, of which the heart alone knows the value.

Fortune has no power over minds like ours; we poſſeſs a treaſure to which all ſhe has to give is nothing, the dear exquiſite delight of loving, and of being beloved.

Awake to all the finer feelings of tender eſteem and elegant deſire, we have every real good in each other.

I ſhall hurry down, the moment I have ſettled my affairs here; and hope ſoon to have the tranſport of preſenting the moſt charming of friends, of miſtreſſes, allow me to add, of wives, to a mother whom I love and revere beyond words, and to whom ſhe will ſoon be dearer than myſelf.

My

My going to England will detain me at Montreal a few days longer than I intended; a delay I can very ill ſupport.

Adieu! my Emily! no language can expreſs my tenderneſs or my impatience.

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXLVII.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Montreal, May 28.

I CANNOT enough, my dear Temple, thank you for your laſt, though it deſtroys my air-built ſcheme of happineſs.

Could

Could I have ſuppoſed my mother would thus ſeverely have felt my abſence, I had never left England; to make her eaſier, was my only motive for that ſtep.

I with pleaſure ſacrifice my deſign of ſettling here to her peace of mind; no conſideration, however, ſhall ever make me give up that of marrying the beſt and moſt charming of women.

I could have wiſhed to have had a fortune worthy of her; this was my wiſh, not that of my Emily; ſhe will with equal pleaſure ſhare with me poverty or riches: I hope her conſent to marry me before I leave Canada. I know the advantages of affluence, my dear Temple, and am too reaſonable to deſpiſe them; I would only avoid rating them above their worth.

Riches undoubtedly purchaſe a variety of pleaſures which are not otherwiſe to be obtained; they give power, they give honors, they give conſequence; but if, to enjoy

enjoy theſe ſubordinate goods, we muſt give up thoſe which are more eſſential, more real, more ſuited to our natures, I can never heſitate one moment to determine between them.

I know nothing fortune has to beſtow, which can equal the tranſport of being dear to the moſt amiable, moſt lovely of womankind.

The ſtream of life, my dear Temple, ſtagnates without the gentle gale of love; till I knew my Emily, till the dear moment which aſſured me of her tenderneſs, I could ſcarce be ſaid to live.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CXLVIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 1.

I CAN write, I can talk, of nothing but Emily; I never knew how much I loved her till ſhe was gone: I run eagerly to every place where we have been together; every ſpot reminds me of her; I remember a thouſand converſations, endeared by confidence and affection: a tender tear ſtarts in ſpite of me: our walks, our airings, our pleaſing little parties, all ruſh at once on my memory: I ſee the ſame lovely ſcenes around me, but they have loſt half their power of pleaſing.

I viſit every grove, every thicket, that ſhe loved; I have a redoubled fondneſs for every object in which ſhe took pleaſure.

Fitzgerald

Fitzgerald indulges me in this enthuſiaſm of friendſhip; he leads me to every place which can recall my Emily's idea; he ſpeaks of her with a warmth which ſhews the ſenſibility and goodneſs of his own heart; he endeavors to ſoothe me by the moſt endearing attention.

What infinite pleaſure, my dear Lucy, there is in being truly beloved! Fond as I have ever been of general admiration, that of all mankind is nothing to the leaſt mark of Fitzgerald's tenderneſs.

Adieu! it will be ſome days before I can ſend this letter.

June 4.

The governor gives a ball in honor of the day; I am dreſſing to go, but without

my ſweet companion: every hour I feel more ſenſibly her abſence.

5th.

We had laſt night, during the ball, the moſt dreadful ſtorm I ever heard; it ſeemed to ſhake the whole habitable globe.

Heaven preſerve my Emily from its fury! I have a thouſand fears on her account.

Twelve o'clock.

Your brother is arrived; he has been here about an hour: he flew to Silleri, without going at all to Quebec; he enquired for Emily; he would not believe ſhe was gone.

There

There is no expreſſing how much he was ſhocked when convinced ſhe had taken this voyage without him; he would have followed her in an open boat, in hopes of overtaking her at Coudre, if my father had not detained him almoſt by force, and at laſt convinced him of the impoſſibility of overtaking her, as the winds, having been conſtantly fair, muſt before this have carried them out of the river.

He has ſent his ſervant to Quebec, with orders to take paſſage for him in the firſt ſhip that ſails; his impatience is not to be deſcribed.

He came down in the hope of marrying her here, and conducting her himſelf to England; he forms to himſelf a thouſand dangers to her, which he fondly fancies his preſence could have averted: in ſhort, he has all the unreaſonableneſs of a man in love.

I propoſe ſending this, and a large packet more, by your brother, unleſs ſome unexpected opportunity offers before.

Adieu! my dear!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXLIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

6th.

YOUR brother has taken his paſſage in a very fine ſhip, which will ſail the 10th; you may expect him every hour after you receive this; which I ſend, with what I wrote yeſterday, by a ſmall veſſel which ſails a week ſooner than was intended.

Rivers

Rivers perſuades Fitzgerald to apply for the lands which he had fixed upon on Lake Champlain, as he has no thoughts of ever returning hither.

I will prevent this, however, if I have any influence: I cannot think with patience of continuing in America, when my two amiable friends have left it; I had no motive for wiſhing a ſettlement here, but to form a little ſociety of friends, of which they made the principal part.

Beſides, the ſpirit of emulation would have kept up my courage, and given fire and brilliancy to my fancy.

Emily and I ſhould have been trying who had the moſt lively genius at creation; who could have produced the faireſt flowers; who have formed the woods and rocks into the moſt beautiful arbors, viſtoes, grottoes; have taught

the ſtreams to flow in the moſt pleaſing meanders; have brought into view the greateſt number and variety of thoſe lovely little falls of water with which this fairy land abounds; and ſhewed nature in the faireſt form.

In ſhort, we ſhould have been continually endeavoring, following the luxuriancy of female imagination, to render more charming the ſweet abodes of love and friendſhip; whilſt our heroes, changing their ſwords into plough-ſhares, and engaged in more ſubſtantial, more profitable labors, were clearing land, raiſing cattle and corn, and doing every thing becoming good farmers; or, to expreſs it more poetically,

"Taming the genius of the ſtubborn plain,
"Almoſt as quickly as they conquer'd Spain:"

By which I would be underſtood to mean the Havannah, where, vanity apart, I am told both of them did their duty,

and

and a little more, if a man can in ſuch a caſe be ſaid to do more.

In one word, they would have been ſtudying the uſeful, to ſupport us; we the agreeable, to pleaſe and amuſe them; which I take to be aſſigning to the two ſexes the employments for which nature intended them, notwithſtanding the vile example of the ſavages to the contrary.

There are now no farmereſſes in Canada worth my contending with; therefore the whole pleaſure of the thing would be at an end, even on the ſuppoſition that friendſhip had not been the ſoul of our deſign.

Say every thing for me to Temple and Mrs. Rivers; and to my deareſt Emily, if arrived.

Adieu! your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CL.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, June 6, 1767.

IT is very true, my Lord, that the Jeſuit miſſionaries ſtill continue in the Indian villages in Canada; and I am afraid it is no leſs true, that they uſe every art to inſtill into thoſe people an averſion to the Engliſh; at leaſt I have been told this by the Indians themſelves, who ſeem equally ſurpriſed and piqued that we do not ſend miſſionaries amongſt them.

Their ideas of Chriſtianity are extremely circumſcribed, and they give no preference to one mode of our faith above another; they regard a miſſionary of any nation as a kind father, who comes to inſtruct

inſtruct them in the beſt way of worſhipping the Deity, whom they ſuppoſe more propitious to the Europeans than to themſelves; and as an ambaſſador from the prince whoſe ſubject he is: they therefore think it a mark of honor, and a proof of eſteem, to receive miſſionaries; and to our remiſſneſs, and the French wiſe attention on this head, is owing the extreme attachment the greater part of the ſavage nations have ever had to the latter.

The French miſſionaries, by ſtudying their language, their manners, their tempers, their diſpoſitions; by conforming to their way of life, and uſing every art to gain their eſteem, have acquired an influence over them which is ſcarce to be conceived; nor would it be difficult for ours to do the ſame, were they judiciouſly choſe, and properly encouraged.

I believe I have ſaid, that there is a ſtriking reſemblance between the manners of the Canadians and the ſavages; I ſhould have explained it, by adding, that this reſemblance has been brought about, not by the French having won the ſavages to receive European manners, but by the very contrary; the peaſants having acquired the ſavage indolence in peace, their activity and ferocity in war; their fondneſs for field ſports, their hatred of labor; their love of a wandering life, and of liberty; in the latter of which they have been in ſome degree indulged, the laws here being much milder, and more favorable to the people, than in France.

Many of the officers alſo, and thoſe of rank in the colony troops, have been adopted into the ſavage tribes; and there is ſtronger evidence than, for the honor of humanity, I would wiſh there was, that ſome of them have led the death dance at the execution of Engliſh captives,

tives, have even partook the horrid repaſt, and imitated them in all their cruelties; cruelties, which, to the eternal diſgrace, not only of our holy religion, but even of our nature, theſe poor people, whoſe ignorance is their excuſe, have been inſtigated to, both by the French and Engliſh colonies, who, with a fury truly diabolical, have offered rewards to thoſe who brought in the ſcalps of their enemies. Rouſſeau has taken great pains to prove that the moſt uncultivated nations are the moſt virtuous: I have all due reſpect for this philoſopher, of whoſe writings I am an enthuſiaſtic admirer; but I have a ſtill greater reſpect for truth, which I believe is not in this inſtance on his ſide.

There is little reaſon to boaſt of the virtues of a people, who are ſuch brutal ſlaves to their appetites as to be unable to avoid drinking brandy to an exceſs ſcarce to be conceived, whenever it falls in their way, though eternally lamenting

the murders and other atrocious crimes of which they are ſo perpetually guilty when under its influence.

It is unjuſt to ſay we have corrupted them, that we have taught them a vice to which we are ourſelves not addicted; both French and Engliſh are in general ſober: we have indeed given them the means of intoxication, which they had not before their intercourſe with us; but he muſt be indeed fond of praiſing them, who makes a virtue of their having been ſober, when water was the only liquor with which they were acquainted.

From all that I have obſerved, and heard of theſe people, it appears to me an undoubted fact, that the moſt civilized Indian nations are the moſt virtuous; a fact which makes directly againſt Rouſſeau's ideal ſyſtem.

Indeed all ſyſtems make againſt, inſtead of leading to, the diſcovery of truth.

Père

Père Lafitau has, for this reaſon, in his very learned compariſon of the manners of the ſavages with thoſe of the firſt ages, given a very imperfect account of Indian manners; he is even ſo candid as to own, he tells you nothing but what makes for the ſyſtem he is endeavoring to eſtabliſh.

My wiſh, on the contrary, is not to make truth ſubſervient to any favorite ſentiment or idea, any child of my fancy; but to diſcover it, whether agreeable or not to my own opinion.

My accounts may therefore be falſe or imperfect, from miſtake or miſinformation, but will never be deſignedly warped from truth.

That the ſavages have virtues, candor muſt own; but only a love of paradox can make any man aſſert they have more than poliſhed nations.

Your Lordſhip aſks me what is the general moral character of the Canadians. —They are ſimple and hoſpitable, yet extremely attentive to intereſt, where it does not interfere with that lazineſs which is their governing paſſion.

They are rather devout than virtuous; have religion without morality, and a ſenſe of honor without very ſtrict honeſty.

Indeed I believe wherever ſuperſtition reigns, the moral ſenſe is greatly weakened; the ſtrongeſt inducement to the practice of morality is removed, when people are brought to believe that a few outward ceremonies will compenſate for the want of virtue.

I myſelf heard a man, who had raiſed a large fortune by very indirect means, confeſs his life had been contrary to every precept of the Goſpel; but that he hoped the pardon of Heaven for all his ſins, as he

he intended to devote one of his daughters to a conventual life as an expiation.

This way of being virtuous by proxy, is certainly very eaſy and convenient to ſuch ſinners as have children to ſacrifice.

By Colonel Rivers, who leaves us in a few days, I intend myſelf the honor of addreſſing your Lordſhip again.

I have the honor to be

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CLI.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, June 9.

YOUR Lordſhip will receive this from the hands of one of the moſt worthy and amiable men I ever knew, Colonel Rivers, whom I am particularly happy in having the honor to introduce to your Lordſhip, as I know your delicacy in the choice of friends, and that there are ſo few who have your perfect eſteem and confidence, that the acquaintance of one who merits both, at his time of life, will be regarded, even by your Lordſhip, as an acquiſition.

'Tis to him I ſhall ſay the advantage I procure him, by making him known

known to a nobleman, who, with the wiſdom and experience of age, has all the warmth of heart, the generoſity, the noble confidence, the enthuſiaſm, the fire, and vivacity of youth.

Your Lordſhip's idea, in regard to Proteſtant convents here, on the footing of that we viſited together at Hamburgh, is extremely well worth the conſideration of thoſe whom it may concern; eſpecially if the Romiſh ones are aboliſhed, as will moſt probably be the caſe.

The nobleſſe have numerous families, and, if there are no convents, will be at a loſs where to educate their daughters, as well as where to diſpoſe of thoſe who do not marry in a reaſonable time: the convenience they find in both reſpects from theſe houſes, is one ſtrong motive to them to continue in their ancient religion.

As I would, however, prevent the more uſeful, by which I mean the lower, part of the ſex from entering into this ſtate, I would wiſh only the daughters of the ſeigneurs to have the privilege of becoming nuns; they ſhould be obliged, on taking the vow, to prove their nobleſſe for at leaſt three generations; which would ſecure them reſpect, and, at the ſame time, prevent their becoming too numerous.

They ſhould take the vow of obedience, but not of celibacy: and reſerve the power, as at Hamburgh, of going out to marry, though on no other conſideration.

Your Lordſhip may remember, every nun at Hamburgh has a right of marrying, except the Abbeſs; and that, on your Lordſhip's telling the lady who then preſided, and who was young and very handſome, you thought this a hardſhip, ſhe anſwered with great ſpirit, "O, my Lord, you "know it is in my power to reſign."

I refer

I refer your Lordſhip to Colonel Rivers for that farther information in regard to this colony, which he is much more able to give you than I am, having viſited every part of Canada in the deſign of ſettling in it.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

Your Lordſhip's mention of nuns has brought to my memory a little anecdote on this ſubject, which I will tell you.

I was, a few mornings ago, viſiting a French lady, whoſe very handſome daughter, of almoſt ſixteen, told me, ſhe was going into a convent. I enquired which ſhe had made choice of: ſhe ſaid, "The "General Hoſpital."

"I am

"I am glad, Mademoiſelle, you have "not choſe the Urſulines; the rules are "ſo very ſevere, you would have found "them hard to conform to."

"As to the rules, Sir, I have no ob- "jection to their ſeverity; but the habit "of the General Hoſpital—"

I ſmiled.

"Is ſo very light—"

"And ſo becoming, Mademoiſelle."

She ſmiled in her turn, and I left her, fully convinced of the ſincerity of her vocation, and the great propriety and humanity of ſuffering young creatures to chooſe a kind of life ſo repugnant to human nature, at an age when they are ſuch excellent judges of what will make them happy.

LET-

LETTER CLII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 9.

I SEND this by your brother, who ſails to-morrow.

Time, I hope, will reconcile me to his and Emily's abſence; but at preſent I cannot think of loſing them without a dejection of mind which takes from me the very idea of pleaſure.

I conjure you, my dear Lucy, to do every thing poſſible to facilitate their union; and remember, that to your requeſt, and to Mrs. Rivers's tranquillity, they

they have ſacrificed every proſpect they had of happineſs.

I would ſay more; but my ſpirits are ſo affected, I am incapable of writing.

Love my ſweet Emily, and let her not repent the generoſity of her conduct.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CLIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 10, evening.

MY poor Rivers! I think I felt more from his going than even from Emily's: whilſt he was here, I ſeemed not quite to have loſt her: I now feel doubly the loſs of both.

He begged me to ſhew attention to Madame Des Roches, who he aſſured me merited my tendereſt friendſhip; he wrote to her, and has left the letter open in my care: it is to thank her, in the moſt affectionate terms, for her politeneſs and friendſhip, as well to himſelf as to his Emily; and to offer her his beſt ſervices in England in regard to her eſtate, part

of which ſome people here have very ungenerouſly applied for a grant of, on pretence of its not being all ſettled according to the original conditions.

He owned to me, he felt ſome regret at leaving this amiable woman in Canada, and at the idea of never ſeeing her more.

I love him for this ſenſibility; and for his delicate attention to one whoſe diſintereſted affection for him moſt certainly deſerves it.

Fitzgerald is below, he does all poſſible to conſole me for the loſs of my friends; but indeed, Lucy, I feel their abſence moſt ſeverely.

I have an opportunity of ſending your brother's letter to Madame Des Roches, which I muſt not loſe, as they are not very frequent;

frequent: 'tis by a French gentleman who is now with my father.

Adieu! Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

Twelve at night.

We have been talking of your brother; I have been ſaying, there is nothing I ſo much admire in him as that tenderneſs of ſoul, and almoſt female ſenſibility, which is ſo uncommon in a ſex, whoſe whole education tends to harden their hearts.

Fitzgerald admires his ſpirit, his underſtanding, his generoſity, his courage, the warmth of his friendſhip.

My father, his knowledge of the world; not that indiſcriminate ſuſpicion of mankind which is falſely ſo called; but that clearneſs of mental ſight, and diſcerning faculty, which can diſtinguiſh virtue as well as vice, wherever it reſides.

" I alſo love in him," ſaid my father, " that noble ſincerity, that integrity of " character, which is the foundation of all " the virtues."

" And yet, my dear papa, you would " have had Emily prefer to him, that *white* " *curd of aſſes milk*, Sir George Clayton, " whoſe higheſt claim to virtue is the " conſtitutional abſence of vice, and who " never knew what it was to feel for the " ſorrows of another."

" You miſtake, Bell: ſuch a preference " was impoſſible; but ſhe was engaged to " Sir George; and he had alſo a fine for- " tune. Now, in theſe degenerate days, " my dear, people muſt eat; we have loſt " all taſte for the airy food of romances, " when ladies rode behind their enamor- " ed knights, dined luxurioufly on a ban- " quet of haws, and quenched their thirſt " at the firſt ſtream."

" But, my dear papa—"

" But,

" But, my dear Bell—"

I ſaw the ſweet old man look angry, ſo choſe to drop the ſubject; but I do aver, now he is out of ſight, that haws and a pillion, with ſuch a noble fellow as your brother, are preferable to ortolans and a coach and ſix, with ſuch a piece of ſtill life and inſipidity as Sir George.

Good night! my dear Lucy.

LETTER CLIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 17.

I Have this moment received a packet of letters from my dear Lucy; I ſhall only ſay, in anſwer to what makes the greateſt part of them, that in a fortnight I hope you will have the pleaſure of ſeeing your brother, who did not heſitate one moment in giving up to Mrs. Rivers's peace of mind, all his pleaſing proſpects here, and the happineſs of being united to the woman he loved.

You will not, I hope, my dear, forget his having made ſuch a ſacrifice: but I think too highly of you to ſay more on this ſubject. You will receive Emily as a friend, as a ſiſter, who merits all your eſteem

eſteem and tenderneſs, and who has loſt all the advantages of fortune, and incurred the cenſure of the world, by her diſintereſted attachment to your brother.

I am extremely ſorry, but not ſurprized, at what you tell me of poor Lady H——. I knew her intimately; ſhe was ſacrificed at eighteen, by the avarice and ambition of her parents, to age, diſeaſe, ill-nature, and a coronet; and her death is the natural conſequence of her regret: ſhe had a ſoul formed for friendſhip; ſhe found it not at home; her elegance of mind, and native probity, prevented her ſeeking it abroad; ſhe died a melancholy victim to the tyranny of her friends, the tenderneſs of her heart, and her delicate ſenſe of honor.

If her father has any of the feelings of humanity left, what muſt he not ſuffer on this occaſion?

It is a painful conſideration, my dear, that the happineſs or miſery of our lives are generally determined before we are proper judges of either.

Reſtrained by cuſtom, and the ridiculous prejudices of the world, we go with the crowd, and it is late in life before we dare to think.

How happy are you and I, Lucy, in having parents, who, far from forcing our inclinations, have not even endeavored to betray us into chooſing from ſordid motives! They have not labored to fill our young hearts with vanity or avarice; they have left us thoſe virtues, thoſe amiable qualities, we received from nature. They have painted to us the charms of friendſhip, and not taught us to value riches above their real price.

My father, indeed, checks a certain exceſs of romance which there is in my temper; but, at the ſame time, he never encouraged my receiving the addreſſes of any man who had only the gifts of fortune to recommend him; he even adviſed me, when very young, againſt marrying an officer in his regiment, of a large fortune, but an unworthy character.

If I have any knowledge of the human heart, it will be my own fault if I am not happy with Fitzgerald.

I am only afraid, that when we are married, and begin to ſettle into a calm, my volatile diſpoſition will carry me back to coquetry: my paſſion for admiration is naturally ſtrong, and has been increaſed by indulgence; for without vanity I have been extremely the taſte of the men.

I have a kind of an idea it won't be long before I try the ſtrength of my reſolution, for I heard papa and Fitzgerald in high conſultation this morning.

Do you know, that, having nobody to love but Fitzgerald, I am ten times more enamored of the dear creature than ever? My love is now like the rays of the ſun collected.

He is ſo much here, I wonder I don't grow tired of him; but ſomehow he has the art of varying himſelf beyond any man I ever knew: it was that agreeable variety of character that firſt ſtruck me; I conſidered that with him I ſhould have all the ſex in one; he ſays the ſame of me; and indeed, it muſt be owned we have both an infinity of agreeable caprice, which in love affairs is worth all the merit in the world.

Have

Have you never obſerved, Lucy, that the ſame perſon is ſeldom greatly the object of both love and friendſhip?

Thoſe virtues which command eſteem do not often inſpire paſſion.

Friendſhip ſeeks the more real, more ſolid virtues; integrity, conſtancy, and a ſteady uniformity of character: love, on the contrary, admires it knows not what; creates itſelf the idol it worſhips; finds charms even in defects; is pleaſed with follies, with inconſiſtency, with caprice: to ſay all in one line,

"Love is a child, and like a child he plays."

The moment Emily arrives, I entreat that one of you will write to me: no words can ſpeak my impatience: I am equally anxious to hear of my dear

Rivers. Heaven ſend them proſperous gales!

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CLV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 30.

YOU are extremely miſtaken, my dear, in your idea of the ſociety here; I had rather live at Quebec, take it for all in all, than in any town in England, except London; the manner of living

living here is uncommonly agreeable; the ſcenes about us are lovely, and the mode of amuſements makes us taſte thoſe ſcenes in full perfection.

Whilſt your brother and Emily were here, I had not a wiſh to leave Canada; but their going has left a void in my heart, which will not eaſily be filled up: I have loved Emily almoſt from childhood, and there is a peculiar tenderneſs in thoſe friendſhips, which

"Grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen with
"our ſtrength."

There was alſo ſomething romantic and agreeable in finding her here, and unexpectedly, after we had been ſeparated by Colonel Montague's having left the regiment in which my father ſerved.

In ſhort, every thing concurred to make us dear to each other, and there-

fore to give a greater poignancy to the pain of parting a ſecond time.

As to your brother, I love him ſo much, that a man who had leſs candor and generoſity than Fitzgerald, would be almoſt angry at my very lively friendſhip.

I have this moment a letter from Madame Des Roches; ſhe laments the loſs of our two amiable friends; begs me to aſſure them both of her eternal remembrance: ſays, "ſhe congratulates Emily "on poſſeſſing the heart of the man "on earth moſt worthy of being be-"loved; that ſhe cannot form an idea "of any human felicity equal to that "of the woman, the buſineſs of whoſe "life it is to make Colonel Rivers happy. "That, Heaven having denied her that "happineſs, ſhe will never marry, nor "enter into an engagement, which "would make it criminal in her to re-"member him with tenderneſs: that it is, "however,

" however, ſhe believes, beſt for her he " has left the country, for that it is im- " poſſible ſhe ſhould ever have ſeen him " with indifference."

It is perhaps as prudent not to mention theſe circumſtances either to your brother or Emily; I thought of ſending her letter to them, but there is a certain fire in her ſtyle, mixed with tenderneſs, when ſhe ſpeaks of Rivers, which would only have given them both regret, by making them ſee the exceſs of her affection for him; her expreſſions are much ſtronger than thoſe in which I have given you the ſenſe of them.

I intend to be very intimate with her, becauſe ſhe loves my dear Rivers; ſhe loves Emily too, at leaſt ſhe fancies ſhe does, but I am a little doubtful as to the friendſhips between rivals: at this diſtance, however, I dare ſay, they will always continue on the beſt terms poſſible, and I would have Emily write to her.

Do

Do you know ſhe has deſired me to contrive to get her a picture of your brother, without his knowing it? I am not determined whether I ſhall indulge her in this fancy or not; if I do, I muſt employ you as my agent. It is madneſs in her to deſire it; but, as there is a pleaſure in being mad, I am not ſure my morality will let me refuſe her, ſince pleaſures are not very thick ſown in this world.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CLVI.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, July 10.

BY this time, my dear Lucy, I hope you are happy with your brother and my ſweet Emily: I am all impatience to know this from yourſelves; but it will be five or ſix weeks, perhaps much more, before I can have that ſatisfaction.

As to me—to be plain, my dear, I can hold no longer; I have been married this fortnight. My father wanted to keep it a ſecret, for ſome very fooliſh reaſons; but it is not in my nature; I hate ſecrets, they are only fit for politicians, and people whoſe thoughts and actions will not bear the light.

For

For my part, I am convinced the general loquacity of human kind, and our inability to keep ſecrets without a natural kind of uneaſineſs, were meant by Providence to guard againſt our laying deep ſchemes of treachery againſt each other.

I remember a very ſenſible man, who perfectly knew the world, uſed to ſay, there was no ſuch thing in nature as a ſecret; a maxim as true, at leaſt I believe ſo, as it is ſalutary, and which I would adviſe all good mammas, aunts, and governeſſes, to impreſs ſtrongly on the minds of young ladies.

So, as I was ſaying, *voilà Madame Fitzgerald!*

This is, however, yet a ſecret here; but, according to my preſent doctrine, and following the nature of things, it cannot long continue ſo.

You

You never ſaw ſo polite a huſband, but I ſuppoſe they are all ſo the firſt fortnight, eſpecially when married in ſo intereſting and romantic a manner; I am very fond of the fancy of being thus married *as it were*; but I have a notion I ſhall blunder it out very ſoon: we were married on a party to Three Rivers, nobody with us but papa and Madame Villiers, who have not yet publiſhed the myſtery. I hear ſome miſſes at Quebec are ſcandalous about Fitzgerald's being ſo much here; I will leave them in doubt a little, I think, merely to gratify their love of ſcandal; every body ſhould be amuſed in their way.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

Pray let Emily be married; every body marries but poor little Emily.

LETTER CLVII.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, July 10.

I HAVE the pleaſure to tell your Lordſhip I have married my daughter to a gentleman with whom I have reaſon to hope ſhe will be happy.

He is the ſecond ſon of an Iriſh baronet of good fortune, and has himſelf about five hundred pounds a year, independent of his commiſſion; he is a man of an excellent ſenſe, and of honor, and has a very lively tenderneſs for my daughter.

It

It will, I am afraid, be ſome time before I can leave this country, as I chooſe to take my daughter and Mr. Fitzgerald with me, in order to the latter's ſoliciting a majority, in which purſuit I ſhall without ſcruple tax your Lordſhip's friendſhip to the utmoſt.

I am extremely happy at this event, as Bell's volatile temper made me ſometimes afraid of her chooſing inconſiderately: their marriage is not yet declared, for ſome family reaſons, not worth particularizing to your Lordſhip.

As ſoon as leave of abſence comes from New York, for me and Mr. Fitzgerald, we ſhall ſettle things for taking leave of Canada, which I however aſſure your Lordſhip I ſhall do with ſome reluctance.

The climate is all the year agreeable and healthy, in ſummer divine; a man at my time of life cannot leave this chearing, enlivening ſun without reluctance; the heat is very like that of Italy or the South of France, without that oppreſſive cloſeneſs which generally attends our hot weather in England.

The manner of life here is chearful; we make the moſt of our fine ſummers, by the pleaſanteſt country parties you can imagine. Here are ſome very eſtimable perſons, and the ſpirit of urbanity begins to diffuſe itſelf from the centre: in ſhort, I ſhall leave Canada at the very time when one would wiſh to come to it.

It is aſtoniſhing, in a ſmall community like this, how much depends on the perſonal character of him who governs.

I am

I am obliged to break off abruptly, the perſon who takes this to England being going immediately on board.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LETTER CLVIII.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall-Mall.

Silleri, July 13.

I AGREE with you, my dear Temple, that nothing can be more pleaſing than an *awakened* Engliſh woman; of which you and my *caro ſpoſo* have, I flatter myſelf,

ſelf, the happy experience; and wiſh with you that the character was more common: but I muſt own, and I am ſorry to own it, that my fair countrywomen and fellow-citizens (I ſpeak of the nation in general, and not of the capital) have an unbecoming kind of reſerve, which prevents their being the agreeable companions, and amiable wives, which nature meant them.

From a fear, and I think a prudiſh one, of being thought too attentive to pleaſe your ſex, they have acquired a certain diſtant manner to men, which borders on ill-breeding: they take great pains to veil, under an affected appearance of diſdain, that winning ſenſibility of heart, that delicate tenderneſs, which renders them doubly lovely.

They are even afraid to own their friendſhips, if not according to the ſquare and rule; are doubtful whether a modeſt woman may own ſhe loves even her huſband;

band; and ſeem to think affections were given them for no purpoſe but to hide.

Upon the whole, with at leaſt as good a native right to charm as any women on the face of the globe, the Engliſh have found the happy ſecret of pleaſing leſs.

Is my Emily arrived? I can ſay nothing elſe.

Twelve o'clock.

I am the happieſt woman in the creation: papa has juſt told me, we are to go home in ſix or ſeven weeks.

Not but this is a divine country, and our farm a terreſtrial paradiſe; but we have lived in it almoſt a year, and one grows tired of every thing in time, you know, Temple.

I ſhall

I ſhall ſee my Emily, and flirt with Rivers; to ſay nothing of you and my little Lucy.

Adieu! I am grown very lazy ſince I married; for the future, I ſhall make Fitzgerald write all my letters, except billet-doux, in which I think I excel him.

Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLIX.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Dover, July 8.

I AM this moment arrived, my dear Bell, after a very agreeable paſſage, and am ſetting out immediately for London, from whence I ſhall write to you the moment I have

have ſeen Mrs. Rivers; I will own to you I tremble at the idea of this interview, yet am reſolved to ſee her, and open all my ſoul to her in regard to her ſon; after which, I ſhall leave her the miſtreſs of my deſtiny; for, ardently as I love him, I will never marry him but with her approbation.

I have a thouſand anxious fears for my Rivers's ſafety: may Heaven protect him from the dangers his Emily has eſcaped!

I have but a moment to write, a ſhip being under way which is bound to Quebec; a gentleman, who is juſt going off in a boat to the ſhip, takes the care of this.

May every happineſs attend my dear girl! Say every thing affectionate for me to Captain Fermor and Mr. Fitzgerald.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLX.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

London, July 19.

I GOT to town laſt night, my dear, and am at a friend's, from whence I have this morning ſent to Mrs. Rivers; I every moment expect her anſwer; my anxiety of mind is not to be expreſſed; my heart ſinks; I almoſt dread the return of my meſſenger.

If the affections, my dear friend, give us the higheſt happineſs of which we are capable, they are alſo the ſource of our keeneſt miſery; what I feel at this inſtant, is not to be deſcribed: I have been near reſolving to go into the country without ſeeing or ſending to Mrs. Rivers. If ſhe ſhould

ſhould receive me with coldneſs—why ſhould I have expoſed myſelf to the chance of ſuch a reception? It would have been better to have waited for Rivers's arrival; I have been too precipitate; my warmth of temper has miſled me: what had I to do to ſeek his family? I would give the world to retract my meſſage, though it was only to let her know I was arrived; that her ſon was well, and that ſhe might every hour expect him in England.

There is a rap at the door: I tremble I know not why; the ſervant comes up, he announces Mr. and Mrs. Temple: my heart beats, they are at the door.

One o'clock.

They are gone, and return for me in an hour; they inſiſt on my dining with them, and tell me Mrs. Rivers is impatient to ſee me. Nothing was ever ſo polite, ſo delicate, ſo affectionate, as the behaviour of both; they ſaw my confuſion, and did

every thing to remove it: they enquired after Rivers, but without the leaſt hint of the dear intereſt I take in him: they ſpoke of the happineſs of knowing me: they aſked my friendſhip in a manner the moſt flattering that can be imagined. How ſtrongly does Mrs. Temple, my dear, reſemble her amiable brother! her eyes have the ſame ſenſibility, the ſame pleaſing expreſſion; I think I ſcarce ever ſaw ſo charming a woman; I love her already; I feel a tenderneſs for her, which is inconceivable; I caught myſelf two or three times looking at her with an attention for which I bluſhed.

How dear to me is every friend of my Rivers!

I believe, there was ſomething very fooliſh in my behaviour; but they had the good-breeding and humanity not to ſeem to obſerve it.

I had

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, they ſaid every thing obliging and affectionate of you and Captain Fermor.

My mind is in a ſtate not to be deſcribed; I feel joy, I feel anxiety, I feel doubt, I feel a timidity I cannot conquer at the thought of ſeeing Mrs. Rivers.

I have to dreſs; therefore muſt finiſh this when I return.

Twelve at night.

I am come back, my deareſt Bell; I have gone through the ſcene I ſo much dreaded, and am aſtoniſhed I ſhould ever think of it but with pleaſure. How much did I injure this moſt amiable of women! Her reception of me was that of a tender parent, who had found a long-loſt child;

ſhe kiſſed me, ſhe preſſed me to her boſom; her tears flowed in abundance; ſhe called me her daughter, her other Lucy: ſhe aſked me a thouſand queſtions of her ſon; ſhe would know all that concerned him, however minute: how he looked, whether he talked much of her, what were his amuſements; whether he was as handſome as when he left England.

I anſwered her with ſome heſitation, but with a pleaſure that animated my whole ſoul; I believe, I never appeared to ſuch advantage as this day.

You will not aſcribe it to an unmeaning vanity, when I tell you, I never took ſuch pains to pleaſe; I even gave a particular attention to my dreſs, that I might, as much as poſſible, juſtify my Rivers's tenderneſs: I never was vain for myſelf; but I am ſo for him: I am indifferent to admiration as Emily Montague; but as the object of his love, I would

would be admired by all the world; I wiſh to be the firſt of my ſex in all that is amiable and lovely, that I might make a ſacrifice worthy of my Rivers, in ſhewing to all his friends, that he only can inſpire me with tenderneſs, that I live for him alone.

Mrs. Rivers preſſed me extremely to paſs a month with her: my heart yielded too eaſily to her requeſt; but I had courage to reſiſt my own wiſhes, as well as her ſolicitations; and ſhall ſet out in three days for Berkſhire: I have, however, promiſed to go with them to-morrow, on a party to Richmond, which Mr. Temple was ſo obliging as to propoſe on my account.

Late as the ſeaſon is, there is one more ſhip going to Quebec, which ſails to-morrow.

You ſhall hear from me again in a few days by the packet.

Adieu! my deareſt friend!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

Surely it will not be long before Rivers arrives; you, my dear Bell, will judge what muſt be my anxiety till that moment.

LETTER CLXI.

To Captain FERMOR, at Silleri.

Dover, July 24, eleven o'clock.

I AM arrived, my dear friend, after a paſſage agreeable in itſelf; but which my fears for Emily made infinitely anxious and painful; every wind that blew,

blew, I trembled for her; I formed to myſelf ideal dangers on her account, which reaſon had not power to diſſipate.

We had a very tumultuous head-ſea a great part of the voyage, though the wind was fair; a certain ſign there had been ſtormy weather, with a contrary wind. I fancied my Emily expoſed to thoſe ſtorms; there is no expreſſing what I ſuffered from this circumſtance.

On entering the Channel of England, we ſaw an empty boat, and ſome pieces of a wreck floating; I fancied it part of the ſhip which conveyed my lovely Emily; a ſudden chillneſs ſeized my whole frame, my heart died within me at the ſight: I had ſcarce courage, when I landed, to enquire whether ſhe was arrived.

I aſked the queſtion with a trembling voice, and had the tranſport to find the ſhip had paſſed by, and to hear the perſon of my Emily deſcribed amongſt the

paſſengers who landed; it was not eaſy to miſtake her.

I hope to ſee her this evening: what do I not feel from that dear hope!

Chance gives me an opportunity of forwarding this by New York; I write whilſt my chaiſe is getting ready.

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

I ſhall write to my dear little Bell as ſoon as I get to town. There is no deſcribing what I felt at firſt ſeeing the coaſt of England: I ſaw the white cliffs with a tranſport mixed with veneration; a tranſport, which, however, was checked by my fears for the dearer part of myſelf.

My chaiſe is at the door.

Adieu!

Your faithful, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CLXII.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Rocheſter, July 24.

I AM obliged to wait ten minutes for a Canadian gentleman who is with me, and has ſome letters to deliver here: how painful is this delay! But I cannot leave a ſtranger alone on the road, though I loſe ſo many minutes with my charming Emily.

To ſoften this moment as much as poſſible, I will begin a letter to my dear Bell: our ſweet Emily is ſafe; I wrote to Captain Fermor this morning.

My heart is gay beyond words: my fellow-traveller is aſtoniſhed at the beauty and riches of England, from what he has ſeen of Kent: for my part, I point out every fine proſpect, and am ſo proud of my country, that my whole ſoul ſeems to be dilated; for which perhaps there are other reaſons. The day is fine, the numerous herds and flocks on the ſide of the hills, the neatneſs of the houſes, of the people, the appearance of plenty; all exhibit a ſcene which muſt ſtrike one who has been uſed only to the wild graces of nature.

Canada has beauties; but they are of another kind.

This unreaſonable man!—he has no miſtreſs to ſee in London; he is not expected

pected by the moſt amiable of mothers, by a family he loves as I do mine.

I will order another chaiſe, and leave my ſervant to attend him.

He comes. Adieu! my dear little Bell! at this moment a gentleman is come into the inn, who is going to embark at Dover for New York; I will ſend this by him. Once more adieu!

LETTER CLXIII.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Clarges-ſtreet, July 25.

I AM the only perſon here, my dear Bell, enough compoſed to tell you Rivers is arrived in town. He ſtopped in his poſt-chaiſe, at the end of the ſtreet, and ſent for me, that I might prepare my mother to ſee him, and prevent a ſurprize which might have hurried her ſpirits too much.

I came back, and told her I had ſeen a gentleman who had left him at Dover, and that he would ſoon be here; he followed me in a few minutes.

I am not painter enough to deſcribe their meeting; tho' prepared, it was with difficulty

difficulty we kept my mother from fainting; ſhe preſſed him in her arms, ſhe attempted to ſpeak, her voice faltered, tears ſtole ſoftly down her cheeks: nor was Rivers leſs affected, though in a different manner; I never ſaw him look ſo handſome; the manly tenderneſs, the filial reſpect, the lively joy, that were expreſſed in his countenance, gave him a look to which it is impoſſible to do juſtice: he hinted going down to Berkſhire to-night; but my mother ſeemed ſo hurt at the propoſal, that he wrote to Emily, and told her his reaſon for deferring it till to-morrow, when we are all to go in my coach, and hope to bring her back with us to town.

You judge rightly, my dear Bell, that they were formed for each other; never were two minds ſo ſimilar; we muſt contrive ſome method of making them happy! nothing but a too great delicacy in Rivers prevents their being ſo to-morrow;

row; were our ſituations changed, I ſhould not heſitate a moment to let him make me ſo.

Lucy has ſent for me. Adieu!

Believe me,

Your faithful and devoted,

J. TEMPLE.

LETTER CLXIV.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Pall Mall, July 29.

I AM the happieſt of human beings: my Rivers is arrived, he is well, he loves me; I am dear to his family; I ſee him

him without reſtraint; I am every hour more convinced of the exceſs of his affection: his attention to me is inconceivable; his eyes every moment tell me, I am dearer to him than life.

I am to be for ſome time on a viſit to his ſiſter; he is at Mrs. Rivers's, but we are always together: we go down next week to Mr. Temple's, in Rutland; they only ſtayed in town, expecting Rivers's arrival. His ſeat is within ſix miles of Rivers's little paternal eſtate, which he ſettled on his mother when he left England; ſhe preſſes him to reſume it, but he peremptorily refuſes; he inſiſts on her continuing her houſe in town, and being perfectly independent, and miſtreſs of herſelf.

I love him a thouſand times more for this tenderneſs to her; though it diſappoints my dear hope of being his.

his. Did I think it poſſible, my dear Bell, he could have riſen higher in my eſteem?

If we are never united, if we always live as at preſent, his tenderneſs will ſtill make the delight of my life; to ſee him, to hear that voice, to be his friend, the confidante of all his purpoſes, of all his deſigns, to hear the ſentiments of that generous, that exalted ſoul—I would not give up this delight, to be empreſs of the world.

My ideas of affection are perhaps uncommon; but they are not the leſs juſt, nor the leſs in nature.

A blind man may as well judge of colors as the maſs of mankind of the ſentiments of a truly-enamored heart.

The ſenſual and the cold will equally condemn my affection as romantic; few minds,

minds, my dear Bell, are capable of love; they feel paſſion, they feel eſteem; they even feel that mixture of both which is the beſt counterfeit of love; but of that vivifying fire, that lively tenderneſs which hurries us out of ourſelves, they know nothing; that tenderneſs which makes us forget ourſelves, when the intereſt, the happineſs, the honor, of him we love is concerned; that tenderneſs which renders the beloved object all that we ſee in the creation.

Yes, my Rivers, I live, I breathe, I exiſt, for you alone: be happy, and your Emily is ſo.

My dear friend, you know love, and will therefore bear with all the impertinence of a tender heart.

I hope you have by this time made Fitzgerald happy; he deſerves you, amiable as you are, and you cannot too

ſoon

ſoon convince him of your affection: you ſometimes play cruelly with his tenderneſs: I have been aſtoniſhed to ſee you torment a heart which adores you.

I am interrupted.

Adieu! my dear Bell.

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLXV.

To Captain FERMOR, at Silleri.

Clarges-Street, Aug. 1.

LORD —— not being in town, I went to his villa at Richmond, to deliver your letter.

I cannot

I cannot enough, my dear Sir, thank you for this introduction; I paſſed part of the day at Richmond, and never was more pleaſingly entertained.

His politeneſs, his learning, his knowledge of the world, however amiable, are in character at his ſeaſon of life; but his vivacity is aſtoniſhing.

What fire, what ſpirit, there is in his converſation! I hardly thought myſelf a young man near him. What muſt he have been at five-and-twenty!

He deſired me to tell you, all his intereſt ſhould be employed for Fitzgerald, and that he wiſhed you to come to England as ſoon as poſſible.

We are juſt ſetting off for Temple's houſe in Rutland.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CLXVI.

To Captain FERMOR, at Silleri.

Temple-houſe, Aug. 4.

I ENJOY, my dear friend, in one of the pleaſanteſt houſes, and moſt agreeable ſituations imaginable, the ſociety of the four perſons in the world moſt dear to me; I am in all reſpects as much

much at home as if maſter of the family, without the cares attending that ſtation; my wiſhes, my deſires, are prevented by Temple's attention and friendſhip, and my mother and ſiſter's amiable anxiety to oblige me; I find an unſpeakable ſoftneſs in ſeeing my lovely Emily every moment, in ſeeing her adored by my family, in ſeeing her without reſtraint, in being in the ſame houſe, in living in that eaſy converſe which is born from friendſhip alone: yet I am not happy.

It is that we loſe the preſent happineſs in the purſuit of greater: I look forward with impatience to that moment which will make Emily mine; and the difficulties, which I ſee on every ſide ariſing, embitter hours which would otherwiſe be exquiſitely happy.

The narrowneſs of my fortune, which I ſee in a much ſtronger light in this land of luxury, and the apparent impoſſibility of

of placing the moſt charming of women in the ſtation my heart wiſhes, give me anxieties which my reaſon cannot conquer.

I cannot live without her, I flatter myſelf our union is in ſome degree neceſſary to her happineſs; yet I dread bringing her into diſtreſſes, which I am doubly obliged to protect her from, becauſe ſhe would with tranſport meet them all, from tenderneſs to me.

I have nothing which I can call my own, but my half-pay, and four thouſand pounds: I have lived amongſt the firſt company in England; all my connexions have been rather ſuited to my birth than fortune. My mother preſſes me to reſume my eſtate, and let her live with us alternately; but againſt this I am firmly determined; ſhe ſhall have her own houſe, and never change her manner of living.

Temple

Temple would ſhare his eſtate with me, if I would allow him; but I am too fond of independence to accept favors of this kind even from him.

I have formed a thouſand ſchemes, and as often found them abortive; I go to-morrow to ſee our little eſtate, with my mother; it is a private party of our own, and nobody is in the ſecret; I will there talk over every thing with her.

My mind is at preſent in a ſtate of confuſion not to be expreſſed; I muſt determine on ſomething; it is improper Emily ſhould continue long with my ſiſter in her preſent ſituation; yet I cannot live without ſeeing her.

I have never aſked about Emily's fortune; but I know it is a ſmall one; perhaps two thouſand pounds; I am pretty certain not more.

We can live on little, but we muſt live in ſome degree on a genteel footing: I cannot let Emily, who refuſed a coach and ſix for me, pay viſits on foot; I will be content with a poſt-chaiſe, but cannot with leſs; I have a little, a very little pride, for my Emily.

I wiſh it were poſſible to prevail on my mother to return with us to Canada: I could then reconcile my duty and happineſs, which at preſent ſeem almoſt incompatible.

Emily appears perfectly happy, and to look no further than to the ſituation in which we now are; ſhe ſeems content with being my friend only, without thinking of a nearer connexion; I am rather piqued at a compoſure which has the air of indifference: why ſhould not her impatience equal mine?

The coach is at the door, and my mother waits for me.

Every

Every happineſs attend my friend, and all connected with him! in which number I hope I may, by this time, include Fitzgerald.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CLXVII.

To Captain FERMOR, at Silleri.

Aug. 6.

I HAVE been taking an exact ſurvey of the houſe and eſtate with my mother, in order to determine on ſome future plan of life.

'Tis inconceivable what I felt on returning to a place ſo dear to me, and which I had not ſeen for many years; I ran haſtily from one room to another; I traverſed the garden with inexpreſſible eagerneſs: my eye devoured every object; there was not a tree, not a buſh, which did not revive ſome pleaſing, ſome ſoft idea.

I felt,

I felt, to borrow a very pathetic expreſſion of Thomſon's,

" A thouſand little tenderneſſes throb,"

on reviſiting thoſe dear ſcenes of infant happineſs; which were increaſed by having with me that eſtimable, that affectionate mother, to whoſe indulgence all my happineſs had been owing.

But to return to the purpoſe of our viſit: the houſe is what moſt people would think too large for the eſtate, even had I a right to call it all my own; this is, however, a fault, if it is one, which I can eaſily forgive.

There is furniture enough in it for my family, including my mother; it is unfaſhionable, but ſome of it very good: and I think Emily has tenderneſs enough for me to live with me in

a houſe, the furniture of which is not perfectly in taſte.

In ſhort, I know her much above having the ſlighteſt wiſh of vanity, where it comes in competition with love.

We can, as to the houſe, live here commodiouſly enough; and our only preſent conſideration is, on what we are to live: a conſideration, however, which, as lovers, I believe in ſtrictneſs we ought to be much above!

My mother again ſolicits me to reſume, this eſtate; and has propoſed my making over to her my half-pay inſtead of it, though of much leſs value, which, with her own two hundred pounds a year, will, ſhe ſays, enable her to continue her houſe in town, a point I am determined never to ſuffer her to give up; becauſe ſhe loves London; and becauſe I inſiſt on her having her own houſe to go to, if ſhe ſhould ever chance to be diſpleaſed with ours.

I am

I am inclined to like this propoſal: Temple and I will make a calculation; and, if we find it will anſwer every neceſſary purpoſe to my mother, I owe it to Emily to accept of it.

I endeavor to perſuade myſelf, that I am obliging my mother, by giving her an opportunity of ſhewing her generoſity, and of making me happy: I have been in ſpirits ever ſince ſhe mentioned it.

I have already projected a million of improvements; have taught new ſtreams to flow, planted ideal groves, and walked, fancy-led, in ſhades of my own raiſing.

The ſituation of the houſe is enchanting; and with all my paſſion for the ſavage luxuriance of America, I begin to find my taſte return for the more mild and regular charms of my native country.

We have no Chaudieres, no Montmorencis, none of thoſe magnificent ſcenes on which the Canadians have a right to pride themſelves; but we excel them in the lovely, the ſmiling; in enamelled meadows, in waving corn-fields, in gardens the boaſt of Europe; in every elegant art which adorns and ſoftens human life; in all the riches and beauty which cultivation can give.

I begin to think I may be bleſt in the poſſeſſion of my Emily, without betraying her into a ſtate of want; we may, I begin to flatter myſelf, live with decency, in retirement; and, in my opinion, there are a thouſand charms in retirement with thoſe we love.

Upon the whole, I believe we ſhall be able to live, taking the world *live* in the ſenſe of lovers, not of the *beau monde*, who will never allow a little country ſquire of four hundred pounds a year to *live*.

Time

Time may do more for us; at leaſt, I am of an age and temper to encourage hope.

All here are perfectly yours.

Adieu! my dear friend.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CLXVIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, Aug. 6.

THE leave of abſence for my father and Fitzgerald being come ſome weeks ſooner than we expected, we propoſe leaving Canada in five or ſix days.

I am delighted with the idea of reviſiting dear England, and ſeeing friends whom I ſo tenderly love: yet I feel a regret, which I had no idea I ſhould have felt, at leaving the ſcenes of a thouſand paſt pleaſures; the murmuring rivulets to which Emily and I have ſat liſtening, the ſweet woods where I have walked with my little circle of

of friends: I have even a ſtrong attachment to the ſcenes themſelves, which are infinitely lovely, and ſpeak the inimitable hand of nature which formed them: I want to tranſport this fairy ground to England.

I ſigh when I paſs any particularly charming ſpot; I feel a tenderneſs beyond what inanimate objects ſeem to merit.

I muſt pay one more viſit to the naiads of Montmorenci.

Eleven at night.

I am juſt come from the general's aſſembly; where, I ſhould have told you, I was this day fortnight announced *Madame Fitzgerald*, to the great mortification of two or three cats, who had very ſagaciouſly determined, that Fitzgerald had too much underſtanding ever to

think of ſuch a flirting, coquetiſh creature as a wife.

I was grave at the aſſembly to-night, in ſpite of all the pains I took to be otherwiſe: I was hurt at the idea it would probably be *the laſt* at which I ſhould be; I felt a kind of concern at parting, not only with the few I loved, but with thoſe who had till to-night been indifferent to me.

There is ſomething affecting in the idea of *the laſt time* of ſeeing even thoſe perſons or places, for which we have no particular affection.

I go to-morrow to take leave of the nuns, at the Urſuline convent; I ſuppoſe I ſhall carry this melancholy idea with me there, and be hurt at ſeeing them too *for the laſt time*.

I pay viſits every day amongſt the peaſants, who are very fond of me. I talk to them of their farms, give money to their children,

children, and teach their wives to be good huſwives: I am the idol of the country people five miles round, who declare me the moſt amiable, moſt generous woman in the world, and think it a thouſand pities I ſhould be damned.

Adieu! Say every thing for me to my ſweet friends, if arrived.

7th, Eleven o'clock.

I have this moment a large packet of letters for Emily from Mrs. Melmoth, which I intend to take the care of myſelf, as I hope to be in England almoſt as ſoon as this.

Good morrow!

Yours ever, &c.

A. FITZGERALD.

I am

Three o'clock.

I am juſt come from viſiting the nuns; they expreſſed great concern at my leaving Canada, and promiſed me their prayers on my voyage; for which proof of affection, though a good proteſtant, I thanked them very ſincerely.

I wiſhed exceedingly to have brought ſome of them away with me; my nun, as they call the amiable girl I ſaw take the veil, paid me the flattering tribute of a tear at parting; her fine eyes had a concern in them, which affected me extremely.

I was not leſs pleaſed with the affection the late ſuperior, my good old countrywoman, expreſſed for me, and her regret at ſeeing me *for the laſt time*.

Surely there is no pleaſure on earth equal to that of being beloved! I did not think

think I had been ſuch a favorite in Canada: it is almoſt a pity to leave it; perhaps nobody may love me in England.

Yes, I believe Fitzgerald will; and I have a pretty party enough of friends in your family.

Adieu! I ſhall write a line the day we embark, by another ſhip, which may poſſibly arrive before us.

LETTER CLXIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, Aug. 11.

WE embark to-morrow, and hope to ſee you in leſs than a month, if this fine wind continues.

I am

I am juſt come from Montmorenci, where I have been paying my devotions to the tutelary deities of the place *for the laſt time*.

I had only Fitzgerald with me; we viſited every grotto on the lovely banks, where we dined; kiſſed every flower, raiſed a votive altar on the little iſland, poured a libation of wine to the river goddeſs; and, in ſhort, did every thing which it became good heathens to do.

We ſtayed till day-light began to decline, which, with the idea of *the laſt time*, threw round us a certain melancholy ſolemnity; a ſolemnity which

"Deepen'd the murmur of the falling floods,
"And breath'd a browner horror on the woods."

I have twenty things to do, and but a moment to do them in. Adieu!

I am

I am called down; it is to Madame Des Roches: ſhe is very obliging to come thus far to ſee me.

12th.

We go on board at one; Madame Des Roches goes down with us as far as her eſtate, where her boat is to fetch her on ſhore. She has made me a preſent of a pair of extreme pretty bracelets; has ſent your brother an elegant ſword-knot, and Emily a very beautiful croſs of diamonds.

I don't believe ſhe would be ſorry if we were to run away with her to England: I proteſt I am half inclined; it is pity ſuch a woman ſhould be hid all her life in the woods of Canada: beſides, one might convert her, you know; and, on a religious principle, a little deviation from rules is allowable.

Your

Your brother is an admirable miſſionary amongſt unbelieving ladies: I really think I ſhall carry her off; if it is only for the good of her ſoul.

I have but one objection; if Fitzgerald ſhould take a fancy to prefer the tender to the lively, I ſhould be in ſome danger: there is ſomething very ſeducing in her eyes, I aſſure you.

LETTER CLXX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Kamaraſkas, Aug. 14.

BY Madame Des Roches, who is going on ſhore, I write two or three lines, to tell you we have got thus far, and have a fair wind; ſhe will ſend it immediately to Quebec, to be put on board any ſhip going, that you may have the greater variety of chances to hear of me.

There is a French lady on board, whoſe ſuperſtition bids fair to amuſe us; ſhe has thrown half her little ornaments overboard for a wind, and has promiſed I know not how many votive offerings of the ſame kind to St. Joſeph, the patron of Canada, if we get ſafe to land; on which I ſhall

I ſhall only obſerve, that there is nothing ſo like ancient abſurdity as modern: ſhe has claſſical authority for this manner of playing the fool; Horace, when afraid on a voyage, having, if my memory quotes fair, vowed

"His dank and dropping weeds
"To the ſtern god of ſea."

The boat is ready, and Madame Des Roches going; I am very unwilling to part with her; and her preſent concern at leaving me would be very flattering, if I did not think the remembrance of your brother had the greateſt ſhare in it.

She has wrote four or five letters to him, ſince ſhe came on board, very tender ones, I fancy, and deſtroyed them; ſhe has at laſt wrote a mere complimentary kind of card, only thanking him for his offers of ſervice; yet I ſee it gives her pleaſure to write even this, however cold and formal; becauſe

becauſe addreſſed to him: ſhe aſked me, if I thought there was any impropriety in her writing to him, and whether it would not be better to addreſs herſelf to Emily. I ſmiled at her ſimplicity, and ſhe finiſhed her letter; ſhe bluſhed and looked down when ſhe gave it me.

She is leſs like a ſprightly French widow, than a fooliſh Engliſh girl, who loves for the firſt time.

But I ſuppoſe, when the heart is really touched, the feelings of all nations have a pretty near reſemblance: it is only that the French ladies are generally more coquets, and leſs inclined to the romantic ſtyle of love, than the Engliſh; and we are, therefore, ſurprized when we find in them this trembling ſenſibility.

There are exceptions, however, to all rules; and your little Bell ſeems, in point of

of love, to have changed countries with Madame Des Roches.

The gale encreaſes, it flutters in the ſails; my fair friend is ſummoned; the captain chides our delay.

Adieu! *ma chere Madame Des Roches.* I embrace her; I feel the force of its being *for the laſt time.* I am afraid ſhe feels it yet more ſtrongly than I do: in parting with the laſt of his friends, ſhe ſeems to part with her Rivers for ever.

One look more at the wild graces of nature I leave behind.

Adieu! Canada! adieu! ſweet abode of the wood-nymphs! never ſhall I ceaſe to remember with delight the place where I have paſſed ſo many happy hours.

Heaven preſerve my dear Lucy, and give proſperous gales to her friends!

Your faithful

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLXXI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE.

Iſle of Bic, Aug. 16.

YOU are little obliged to me, my dear, for writing to you on ſhip-board; one of the greateſt miſeries, here, being the want of employment: I therefore write for my own amuſement, not yours.

We have ſome French ladies on board, but they do not reſemble Madame Des Roches.

Roches. I am weary of them already, though we have been ſo few days together.

The wind is contrary, and we are at anchor under this iſland; Fitzgerald has propoſed going to dine on ſhore: it looks exceſſively pretty from the ſhip.

Seven in the evening.

We are returned from Bic, after paſſing a very agreeable day.

We dined on the graſs, at a little diſtance from the ſhore, under the ſhelter of a very fine wood, whoſe form, the trees riſing above each other in the ſame regular confuſion, brought the dear ſhades of Silleri to our remembrance.

We walked after dinner, and picked raſberries, in the wood; and in our ramble came unexpectedly to the middle of a viſto,

viſto, which, whilſt ſome ſhips of war lay here, the ſailors had cut through the iſland.

From this ſituation, being a riſing ground, we could ſee directly through the avenue to both ſhores; the view of each was wildly majeſtic; the river comes finely in, whichever way you turn your ſight; but to the ſouth, which is more ſheltered, the water juſt trembling to the breeze, our ſhip which had put all her ſtreamers out, and to which the tide gave a gentle motion, with a few ſcattered houſes, faintly ſeen amongſt the trees at a diſtance, terminated the proſpect, in a manner which was enchanting.

I die to build a houſe on this iſland; it is pity ſuch a ſweet ſpot ſhould be uninhabited: I ſhould like exceſſively to be Queen of Bic.

Fitzgerald has carved my name on a maple, near the ſhore; a pretty piece of

gallantry in a huſband, you will allow: perhaps he means it as taking poſſeſſion for me of the iſland.

We are going to cards. Adieu! for the preſent.

Aug. 18.

'Tis one of the loveliеſt days I ever ſaw: we are fiſhing under the Magdalen iſlands; the weather is perfectly calm, the ſea juſt dimpled, the ſun-beams dance on the waves, the fiſh are playing on the ſurface of the water: the iſland is at a proper diſtance to form an agreeable point of view; and upon the whole the ſcene is divine.

There is one houſe on the iſland, which, at a diſtance, ſeems ſo beautifully ſituated, that I have loſt all deſire of fixing at Bic: I want to land, and go to the houſe for milk,

milk, but there is no good landing-place on this ſide; the iſland ſeems here to be fenced in by a regular wall of rock.

A breeze ſprings up; our fiſhing is at an end for the preſent: I am afraid we ſhall not paſs many days ſo agreeably as we have done this. I feel horror at the idea of ſo ſoon loſing ſight of land, and launching on the *vaſt Atlantic*.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLXXII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Aug. 26, at Sea

WE have juſt fallen in with a ſhip from New York to London, and, as it is a calm, the maſter of it is come on board; whilſt he is drinking a bottle of very fine Madeira, which Fitzgerald has tempted him with on purpoſe to give me this opportunity, as it is poſſible he may arrive firſt, I will write a line, to tell my dear Lucy we are all well, and hope ſoon to have the happineſs of telling her ſo in perſon; I alſo ſend what I ſcribbled before we loſt ſight of land; for I have had no ſpirits to write or do any thing ſince.

There is inexpreſſible pleaſure in meeting a ſhip at ſea, and renewing our commerce

merce with the human kind, after having been ſo abſolutely ſeparated from them. I feel ſtrongly at this moment the inconſtancy of the ſpecies: we naturally grow tired of the company on board our own ſhip, and fancy the people in every one we meet more agreeable.

For my part, this ſpirit is ſo powerful in me, that I would gladly, if I could have prevailed on my father and Fitzgerald, have gone on board with this man, and purſued our voyage in the New York ſhip. I have felt the ſame thing on land in a coach, on ſeeing another paſs.

We have had a very unpleaſant paſſage hitherto, and weather to fright a better ſailor than your friend: it is to me aſtoniſhing, that there are men found, and thoſe men of fortune too, who can fix on a ſea life as a profeſſion.

How ſtrong muſt be the love of gain, to tempt us to embrace a life of danger, pain, and miſery; to give up all the beauties of nature and of art, all the charms of ſociety, and ſeparate ourſelves from mankind, to amaſs wealth, which the very profeſſion takes away all poſſibility of enjoying!

Even glory is a poor reward for a life paſſed at ſea.

I had rather be a peaſant on a ſunny bank, with peace, ſafety, obſcurity, bread, and a little garden of roſes, than lord high admiral of the Britiſh fleet.

Setting aſide the variety of dangers at ſea, the time paſſed there is a total ſuſpenſion of one's exiſtence: I ſpeak of the beſt part of our time there, for at leaſt a third of every voyage is poſitive miſery.

I abhor

I abhor the ſea, and am peeviſh with every creature about me.

If there were no other evil attending this vile life, only think of being cooped up weeks together in ſuch a ſpace, and with the ſame eternal ſet of people.

If cards had not a little relieved me, I ſhould have died of mere vexation before I had finiſhed half the voyage.

What would I not give to ſee the dear white cliffs of Albion!

Adieu! I have not time to ſay more.

Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLXXIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Dover, Sept. 8.

WE are this inſtant landed, my dear, and ſhall be in town to-morrow.

My father ſtops one day on the road, to introduce Mr. Fitzgerald to a relation of ours, who lives a few miles from Canterbury.

I am wild with joy at ſetting foot once more on dry land.

I am not leſs happy to have traced your brother and Emily, by my enquiries here, for we left Quebec too ſoon to have advice there of their arrival.

Adieu!

Adieu! If in town, you ſhall ſee us the moment we get there; if in the country, write immediately, to the care of the agent.

Let me know where to find Emily, whom I die to ſee: is ſhe ſtill Emily Montague?

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLXXIV.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Temple-houſe, Sept. 11.

YOUR letter, my dear Bell, was ſent by this poſt to the country.

It is unneceſſary to tell you the pleaſure it gives us all to hear of your ſafe arrival.

All our argoſies have now landed their treaſures: you will believe us to have been more anxious about friends ſo dear to us than the merchant for his gold and ſpices; we have ſuffered the greater anxiety, by the circumſtance of your having returned at different times.

I flatter

I flatter myſelf, the future will pay us for the paſt.

You may now, my dear Bell, revive your coterie, with the addition of ſome friends who love you very ſincerely.

Emily (ſtill Emily Montague) is with a relation in Berkſhire ſettling ſome affairs previous to her marriage with my brother, to which we flatter ourſelves there will be no further objections.

I aſſure you, I begin to be a little jealous of this Emily of yours; ſhe rivals me extremely with my mother, and indeed with every body elſe.

We all come to town next week, when you will make us very unhappy if you do not become one of our family in Pall

Mall, and return with us for a few months to the country.

My brother is at his little eſtate, ſix miles from hence, where he is making ſome alterations, for the reception of Emily; he is fitting up her apartment in a ſtyle equally ſimple and elegant, which, however, you muſt not tell her, becauſe ſhe is to be ſurprized: her dreſſing room, and a little adjoining cloſet of books, will be enchanting: yet the expence of all he has done is a mere trifle.

I am the only perſon in the ſecret; and have been with him this morning to ſee it: there is a gay, ſmiling air in the whole apartment, which pleaſes me infinitely; you will ſuppoſe he does not forget jars of flowers, becauſe you know how much they are Emily's taſte: he has forgot no ornament which he knew was agreeable to her.

Happily

Happily for his fortune, her pleaſures are not of the expenſive kind; he would ruin himſelf if they were.

He has beſpoke a very handſome poſt-chaiſe, which is alſo a ſecret to Emily, who inſiſts on not having one.

Their income will be about five hundred pounds a year: it is not much; yet, with their diſpoſitions, I think it will make them happy.

My brother will write to Mr. Fitzgerald next poſt: ſay every thing affectionate for us all to him and Captain Fermor.

Adieu! Yours,

LUCY TEMPLE.

LETTER CLXXV.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Sept. 13.

I CONGRATULATE you, my dear friend, on your ſafe arrival, and on your marriage.

You have got the ſtart of me in happineſs; I love you, however, too ſincerely to envy you.

Emily has promiſed me her hand, as ſoon as ſome little family affairs are ſettled, which I flatter myſelf will not take above another week.

When ſhe gave me this promiſe, ſhe begged me to allow her to return to Berkſhire

ſhire till our marriage took place; I felt the propriety of this ſtep, and therefore would not oppoſe it: ſhe pleaded having ſome buſineſs alſo to ſettle with her relation there.

My mother has given back the deed of ſettlement of my eſtate, and accepted of an aſſignment on my half-pay; ſhe is greatly a loſer; but ſhe inſiſted on making me happy, with ſuch an air of tenderneſs, that I could not deny her that ſatisfaction.

I ſhall keep ſome land in my own hands, and farm; which will enable me to have a poſt-chaiſe for Emily, and my mother, who will be a good deal with us; and a conſtant decent table for a friend.

Emily is to ſuperintend the dairy and garden; ſhe has a paſſion for flowers, with which I am extremely pleaſed,

as

as it will be to her a continual ſource of pleaſure.

I feel ſuch delight in the idea of making her happy, that I think nothing a trifle which can be in the leaſt degree pleaſing to her.

I could even wiſh to invent new pleaſures for her gratification.

I hope to be happy; and to make the loveliеſt of womankind ſo, becauſe my notions of the ſtate, into which I am entering, are I hope juſt, and free from that romantic turn ſo deſtructive to happineſs.

I have, once in my life, had an attachment nearly reſembling marriage, to a widow of rank, with whom I was acquainted abroad; and with whom I almoſt ſecluded myſelf from the world near a twelvemonth, when ſhe died of a fever,

a fever, a ſtroke I was long before I recovered.

I loved her with tenderneſs; but that love, compared to what I feel for Emily, was a grain of ſand to the globe of earth, or the weight of a feather to the univerſe.

A marriage where not only eſteem, but paſſion is kept awake, is, I am convinced, the moſt perfect ſtate of ſublunary happineſs: but it requires great care to keep this tender plant alive; eſpecially, I bluſh to ſay it, on our ſide.

Women are naturally more conſtant, education improves this happy diſpoſition: the huſband who has the politeneſs, the attention, and delicacy of a lover, will always be beloved.

The ſame is generally, but not always, true on the other ſide: I have ſometimes

ſeen

ſeen the moſt amiable, the moſt delicate of the ſex, fail in keeping the affection of their huſbands.

I am well aware, my friend, that we are not to expect here a life of continual rapture: in the happieſt marriage there is danger of ſome languid moments: to avoid theſe, ſhall be my ſtudy; and I am certain they are to be avoided.

The inebriation, the tumult of paſſion, will undoubtedly grow leſs after marriage, that is, after peaceable poſſeſſion; hopes and fears alone keep it in its firſt violent ſtate: but, though it ſubſides, it gives place to a tenderneſs ſtill more pleaſing, to a ſoft, and, if you will allow the expreſſion, a voluptuous tranquillity: the pleaſure does not ceaſe, does not even leſſen; it only changes its nature.

My ſiſter tells me, ſhe flatters herſelf, you will give a few months to hers and

and Mr. Temple's friendſhip; I will not give up the claim I have to the ſame favor.

My little farm will induce only friends to viſit us: and it is not leſs pleaſing to me for that circumſtance: one of the misfortunes of a very exalted ſtation, is the ſlavery it ſubjects us to in regard to the ceremonial world.

Upon the whole, I believe, the moſt agreeable, as well as moſt free of all ſituations, to be that of a little country gentleman, who lives upon his income, and knows enough of the world not to envy his richer neighbours.

Let me hear from you, my dear Fitzgerald, and tell me, if, little as I am, I can be any way of the leaſt uſe to you?

You will ſee Emily before I do; ſhe is more lovely, more enchanting, than ever.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fitzgerald will make me happy if ſhe can invent any commands for me.

Adieu! Believe me

Your faithful, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CLXXVI.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Sept. 15.

EVERY mark of your friendſhip, my dear Rivers, muſt be particularly pleaſing to one who knows your worth as I do: I have, therefore, to thank you as well for your letter, as for thoſe obliging offers of ſervice, which I ſhall make no ſcruple of accepting, if I have occaſion for them.

I rejoice in the proſpect of your being as happy as myſelf: nothing can be more juſt than your ideas of marriage; I mean, of a marriage founded on inclination: all that you deſcribe, I am ſo happy as to experience.

I never

I never loved my ſweet girl ſo tenderly as ſince ſhe has been mine; my heart acknowledges the obligation of her having truſted the future happineſs or miſery of her life in my hands. She is every hour more dear to me; I value as I ought thoſe thouſand little attentions by which a new ſoftneſs is every moment given to our affection.

I do not indeed feel the ſame tumultuous emotion at ſeeing her; but I feel a ſenſation equally delightful: a joy more tranquil, but not leſs lively.

I will own to you, that I had ſtrong prejudices againſt marriage, which nothing but love could have conquered; the idea of an indiſſoluble union deterred me from thinking of a ſerious engagement: I attached myſelf to the moſt ſeducing, moſt attractive of women, without thinking the pleaſure I found in ſeeing her of any conſequence: I thought her lovely, but never ſuſpected

ſuſpected I loved; I thought the delight I taſted in hearing her, merely the effects of thoſe charms which all the world found in her converſation; my vanity was gratified by the flattering preference ſhe gave me to the reſt of my ſex; I fancied this all, and imagined I could ceaſe ſeeing the little ſyren whenever I pleaſed.

I was, however, miſtaken; love ſtole upon me imperceptibly, and *en badinant*; I was enſlaved, when I only thought myſelf amuſed.

We have not yet ſeen Miſs Montague; we go down on Friday to Berkſhire, Bell having ſome letters for her, which ſhe was deſired to deliver herſelf.

I will write to you again the moment I have ſeen her.

The invitation Mr. and Mrs. Temple have been ſo obliging as to give us, is too pleaſing

pleaſing to ourſelves not to be accepted; we alſo expect with impatience the time of viſiting you at your farm.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

J. FITZGERALD.

LET-

LETTER CLXXVII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Stamford, Sept. 16, Evening.

BEING here on ſome buſineſs, my dear friend, I receive your letter in time to anſwer it to-night.

We hope to be in town this day ſevennight; and I flatter myſelf, my deareſt Emily will not delay my happineſs many days longer: I grudge you the pleaſure of ſeeing her on Friday.

I triumph greatly in your having been ſeduced into matrimony, becauſe I never knew a man more of a turn to make an agreeable huſband; it was the idea that

occurred to me the firſt moment I ſaw you.

Do you know, my dear Fitzgerald, that, if your little ſyren had not anticipated my purpoſe, I had deſigns upon you for my ſiſter?

Through that careleſs, inattentive look of yours, I ſaw ſo much right ſenſe, and ſo affectionate a heart, that I wiſhed nothing ſo much as that ſhe might have attached you; and had laid a ſcheme to bring you acquainted, hoping the reſt from the merit ſo conſpicuous in you both.

Both are, however, ſo happily diſpoſed of elſewhere, that I have no reaſon to regret my ſcheme did not ſucceed.

There is ſomething in your perſon, as well as manner, which I am convinced muſt be particularly pleaſing

to women; with an extremely agreeable form, you have a certain manly, ſpirited air, which promiſes them a protector; a look of underſtanding, which is the indication of a pleaſing companion; a ſenſibility of countenance, which ſpeaks a friend and a lover; to which I ought to add, an affectionate, conſtant attention to women, and a polite indifference to men, which above all things flatters the vanity of the ſex.

Of all men breathing, I ſhould have been moſt afraid of you as a rival; Mrs. Fitzgerald has told me, you have ſaid the ſame thing of me.

Happily, however, our taſtes were different: the two amiable objects of our tenderneſs were perhaps equally lovely; but it is not the mere form, it is the character that ſtrikes: the fire, the ſpirit, the vivacity, the awakened manner, of Miſs Fermor won

you; whilſt my heart was captivated by that bewitching languor, that ſeducing ſoftneſs, that melting ſenſibility, in the air of my ſweet Emily, which is, at leaſt to me, more touching than all the ſprightlineſs in the world.

There is in true ſenſibility of ſoul, ſuch a reſiſtleſs charm, that we are even affected by that of which we are not ourſelves the object: we feel a degree of emotion at being witneſs to the affection which another inſpires.

'Tis late, and my horſes are at the door.

Adieu!

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CLXXVIII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, Roſe-hill, Berkſhire.

Temple-houſe, Sept. 16.

I HAVE but a moment, my deareſt Emily, to tell you Heaven favors your tenderneſs: it removes every anxiety from two of the worthieſt and moſt gentle of human hearts.

You and my brother have both lamented to me the painful neceſſity you were under, of reducing my mother to a leſs income than that to which ſhe had been accuſtomed.

An unexpected event has reſtored to her more than what her tenderneſs for my brother had deprived her of.

A relation

A relation abroad, who owed every thing to her father's friendſhip, has ſent her, as an acknowledgment of that friendſhip, a deed of gift, ſettling on her four hundred pounds a year for life.

My brother is at Stamford, and is yet unacquainted with this agreeable event.

You will hear from him next poſt.

Adieu! my dear Emily!

Your affectionate

L. TEMPLE.

END OF VOL. III.